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JOHN GREGG, D.D.

BISHOP OF CORK, CLOYNE & ROSS

MEMORIALS OF HIS LIFE

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from her affectionate sister
A. P.

MEMORIALS OF JOHN GREGG.

Born at Rectorate
Father.
John Todd.

[From a Photograph by Messrs. Guy, of Cork, anno ætatis 78].

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

MEMORIALS OF THE LIFE

OF

JOHN GREGG, D.D.

Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross,

AND FORMERLY MINISTER OF TRINITY CHURCH, DUBLIN.

BY HIS SON,

ROBERT SAMUEL GREGG, D.D.

BISHOP OF CORK, CLOYNE, AND ROSS.

DUBLIN:

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PREFACE.

MANY requests were made by friends that I should prepare a memoir of my father's life; but the materials at hand did not supply the information usually to be found in a biography. He never was in the habit of keeping a journal of his acts or of his opinions, nor was he in the habit of recording his views on men and things in letters, or of entering upon a discussion of general topics in his correspondence. I felt, too, that to enter into the details of his private life, and thus attempt to give importance to ordinary occurrences, would be to do that which, if he could speak, he would forbid.

His sensitive nature would have shrunk from exhibiting to the public gaze the details of the simple life of unaffected piety, which

by the grace of God he was enabled to live; but yet I felt that there were many things in his life which it would be well should be recorded, and that if I could show the spirit in which he lived, the principles on which he worked, and the aims which he had in view, good might be done, the effect of the good which he had been able to do in his life might be in some small degree increased.

I have, therefore, endeavoured in the following pages to give, as briefly as possible, the story of his life, and to illustrate his work at different periods, by extracts from his sermons, speeches, and writings, selecting those passages which seemed to me most characteristic. Whether those who knew him well will think the picture which I have attempted to draw a faithful likeness or not, I cannot say: that some who have only occasionally heard him, or who have only heard of him, will say that it is not at all like what they would have expected, I can easily imagine; for I am well aware that all through his public life, many stories gathered round his

name—as is always the case with regard to one spoken of as a popular preacher, and especially so with regard to one who often put things quaintly—one whose compositions were not merely the result of patient labour, but one whose flow of thought, whether in private conversation or in public speaking, was often lighted up and relieved by the spark, the flash, the sudden inspiration, and round whose utterances, ever and anon, there played, restrained rather than encouraged, the genial light of humour.

I have often heard stories of him, but I have not recorded many here, for I have found that many such stories had no foundation in fact, or that if they had any, the colouring given to them by repetition was so bright, that the fact, if stated, would not be recognised as the original of the fiction.

I have endeavoured to show what his work was in his early days, what his work was in the full vigour of his manhood, and what his work was in the calmer days of his Episcopate. My effort has been faithfully to repre-

sent, not to exaggerate or to excuse. How far I may have succeeded, those who knew him well will decide.

If these memorials of his life should stir others to work for Christ as he worked, and should help to inspire the same aims and aspirations which distinguished his life, they will not have been written in vain.

There were great qualities of head and heart. There were habits of study and reflection. There was self-control and deep humility. There was eloquence, which enabled him to wield a kingly power over the minds and sympathies of multitudes. The gifts of nature were ennobled by the gifts of the grace of God, and consecrated, from early manhood to advanced old age, to the promotion of the glory of God.

He was faithful unto death, and to him has been given the crown of life.

ROBERT S. CORK.

The Palace, Cork,
March, 1879.

MEMORIALS

OF

THE LIFE OF JOHN GREGG.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

JOHN GREGG was born on the 4th of August, 1798, a year well to be remembered in Irish History. The place of his birth was Cappa, not far from the town of Ennis, in the County of Clare, where his father, Richard Gregg, lived on a small property. John was the youngest surviving member of a large family. He was descended from Jonathan Gregg, who had two sons, Richard and Thomas. The elder of whom, Richard, inherited the Cappa property, and was married to Eliza Robinett. His fourth son, Richard, the father of the subject of this sketch, married Barbara, daughter of William Fitzgerald, Esq., of Ashgrove, Co. Clare, and sister

of the Right Hon. James Fitzgerald, a man of distinguished ability, whose wife was created Baroness Fitzgerald and Vesey, and whose two sons were in succession the first and second Lords Fitzgerald and Vesey,

The family at Cappa, in 1798, was a very large one, John being the twelfth child; and as the mode of living of the eldest son was displeasing to the father, his intention was that the property should not descend to him; but this idea was frustrated, for on a visit to Dublin, in the year 1808, when John was but nine years old, Richard Gregg died of fever, not having made his will. To this event my father often alluded in public when he referred to his early days, and spoke of himself as an orphan. The family property then passed to the eldest son, Richard, in whose hands it did not increase.

John continued to live with his mother, to whom he was deeply attached. She was at that time a member of the Roman Catholic Church, although before her death the life and teaching of her son led her to embrace a purer faith. She was led to study the Scriptures, and to compare the teaching of the Roman Church with the Word of God. Her advance was gradual, step by step, as she found that one doctrine after another could not be proved by Holy Scripture. She at length professed herself a Protestant, and in her later years was a student of

Holy Scripture, strong in faith, and in that hope which is an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil. She continued to live in Ennis, where she was frequently visited by her son, when his duties in Dublin and its neighbourhood permitted him to take a run to his native county and to his old haunts, which he loved so well. She died in 1836.

In one of his addresses to children, my father tells an anecdote of his childish days, which I may give in his own words :—

"I knew a little boy, many years ago, who lost his father, and was left a weakly orphan. I knew that little boy to go out into the garden, where there were nice cherry-trees, and he began to climb one of the trees, and got up, up, up to the very top of the tree. He was a silly child, and did not know how dangerous it was to climb so high. His foot slipped, and down he fell, and would perhaps have been killed, but that, when he came near the ground, he was caught on a stump of a branch by the button-hole, and so was he found dangling, but was taken down safe. Afterwards he went to school, and then came to Dublin to College. I saw him last week—I saw him this week—I saw him yesterday—I saw him to-day—he came into the church—he is in the church now—in the pulpit. How kind it was

of God to take care of him, for if God had not been with him he would never have gone to school, to college, or come into this pulpit to preach to you. He was a poor foolish boy; he had no father to take care of him, but God, the Great Father, delivered him and sent him here."

He thus always recognised the good providence of God in preserving him in his early days, not only from physical dangers, but from the greater evils to which there were special temptations in the society in which he was brought up.

In later years he often spoke with pain of the absence of all religious influence from the society of that day. When men would speak of the good old times, or point to the spread of unbelief at the present time, he would always point with thankfulness to the mighty influences for good now at work in the world, and the recognised power that religion has in society. In his early days, as he often said, religious subjects were banished from conversation; church-going was a matter of form; and, as we too well know, drinking habits, which society would not now tolerate, were more or less accepted or approved of.

In his early days John loved a free country life, roaming uncontrolled wherever his ardent spirit led him; every field and wood and rock in the neigh-

bourhood he knew. The County of Clare strikes a stranger as the land of rocks; stone walls divide the fields, and loose stones abound. The bogs, which are to be seen on all sides, supply abundant fuel, at least at the beginning of this century they certainly did; a greater extent of country is now under cultivation than was the case then. Such a district is a good training ground for strength and activity of limb, and into all the sports of his youthful fellows John Gregg entered. He was foremost in jumping, stone-throwing, and hurling, which was the favourite game of the country; and was thus building up that great constitution which enabled him to be an active worker till his eightieth year.

He attended a classical school in Ennis, and made some progress in his work; but the course of his future life was not yet determined, for about this time the Right Hon. James Fitzgerald offered to obtain for his sister's boy a commission either in the Army or Navy. The boy chose the Navy, and was willing to go; but, touched by a mother's tears, he gave it up, and continued at the school in Ennis, which was then kept by a worthy master and good classical scholar, Stephen O'Halloran.

In the evidence of Dr. Cullinan before the Endowed Schools Commission in 1857, the school is thus described:—"There was a private school in the town (Ennis) before Dr. King's arrival there, kept

by a Mr. O'Halloran. There were ten scholars of the University at one time from that school together. Some of them are the most eminent in Dublin in their several professions. Some eminent schoolmasters, distinguished preachers, and some very distinguished lawyers are from that school. There were nine sizars and ten scholars in my own time from that school in Trinity College."

He continued at school beyond the usual age, until the year 1819. He has often told me that he heard or knew nothing of religion in those days. He was a Protestant because his father was a Protestant. I have heard him say, that but one man ever spoke to him on the subject of personal religion, Mr. Gideon Ouseley; and the first person who suggested to his mind the idea of becoming a clergyman was a Roman Catholic priest with whom he was one day riding. He always looked back with great sadness upon the state of society in his native county in those days.

In his later days at school he appears to have thrown his whole energy into his work. He has often said that when his class-fellows were amusing themselves he was working hard. I found a passage in Isaac Disraeli's work on the Literary Character, where he tells us that Huet says of himself, "At length, in order to indulge my own taste, I would rise with the sun, while they were buried in sleep, and hide myself in the woods, that I might read and

study in quiet." This he marked, as his habit was, and wrote in the margin the name of his master, implying that his own practice was similar.

Not long before he entered college, Mr. O'Halloran became seriously ill, and the school was about to be broken up; but his pupil said No, that he would keep it open, and taught the head class for over three months. This not only proves the progress which he had then made in his studies, but is an instance of that energy and kindliness of character which distinguished him through life.

In the year 1819 he became very anxious to go up to Dublin and enter College. His uncle, the Right Hon. James Fitzgerald, lived with his family at that time in the neighbourhood of Dublin, but the independent spirit of the youth was such, that he would seek assistance from none. His elder brother Robert also lived in Dublin. He had a Government situation in the Castle, which he held for many years, until his death. Between him and my father, both in early days, when his brother's house was always open to him, and in later years, there existed the most sincere attachment; but at the time he went up to Dublin he was resolved to depend upon his own exertions.

John had now made up his mind not to spend his life in idleness in the country. He was a good classical scholar, well taught and thoroughly grounded,

according to the old-fashioned methods of scholarship. He was a proficient in every manly exercise, and foremost among all his school-fellows and acquaintances, yet the country pleasures of shooting, fishing, and hunting did not satisfy the ambition of his aspiring nature. His thoughts were bent on other things. If, as others of his school-fellows had done, he could obtain a sizarship in Trinity College, his name would be placed upon the college books without further expense, and he would be able doubtless to make his way. With this determination he resolved to go up to Dublin, and seven years of hard work and manly, vigorous effort followed, years which were in reality, as we shall see, the turning-point in his history.

CHAPTER II.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

FULL of energy and hope, John Gregg started for Dublin, and, having arrived there, he went in for sizarship on the 8th of June, 1819, and was successful. One of his competitors who obtained sizarship at the same time was Sidney Smith, afterwards Fellow and Professor of Biblical Greek; another was Henry Kingsmill, afterwards a Fellow and a distinguished scholar.

Mr. Singer, under whom he entered, obtained for him his first pupil, and from that day, between my father and Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Singer, an unbroken friendship continued until the death of the latter in 1866, when he had been for some years Bishop of Meath. Dr. Singer had been, before his appointment to the See of Meath, Regius Professor of Divinity, and had for many years combined with his Fellowship the work of the Chaplaincy of the Magdalen Asylum.

John Gregg had now fairly started in the course for which he had worked. He determined to be indebted

to none for his maintenance while in College. He obtained rooms in No. 30, and very soon he had as many pupils as he had time to teach, and his simple wants were amply supplied.

He told me at different times of the various examinations he passed; but through the kindness of Dr. Stubbs, I have been enabled to see the entries in the College books, and to note the marks which were given. At that time the year was divided into four terms, and the marks were not given in numbers as they are now. In the Hilary Term of the Junior Freshman year he obtained Valde in omnibus, but did not obtain the Premium. At Easter he obtained the General Premium; at Trinity the Premium in Science and in Classics; and at Michaelmas the Certificate in Classics. In the next year he went in again at Hilary, Easter, and Trinity, obtaining the Classical Premium at the first Examination.

This all shows a great amount of hard work, when we recollect that all this time he was maintaining himself by taking pupils and reading for his own examination as well. The next year he appears to have dropped a class, evidently for the purpose of reading for scholarship, for in the list of scholars in 1822, his name appears along with those of his friend, Thomas De Vere Coneys (afterwards Professor of Irish), Fielding Ould, Henry Carpenter, Samuel Greer, Henry Kingsmill, and others. After having

obtained scholarship, he at once completed his undergraduate course, obtaining the Premium at the Easter Examination in his Junior Sophister year. He went in for his Degree and for the Classical Gold Medal in the Michaelmas Term of 1824, but was beaten by John M'Caul, afterwards Chancellor of the University of Toronto. He was second, and obtained his Degree on very distinguished answering.

In the list of that year are found the names of John Tolekin (Science Medal), George Sidney Smith, Hamilton Verschoyle, Henry Joy, James Henthorn Todd, and John Ryall.

These were years of hard work and real progress—work so hard that at one time he was supposed to be dangerously ill; but his constitution was good, his mode of living simple and regular; he regained his usual health, and was still foremost among his fellows in every manly exercise. In contests of leaping and stone-throwing he was ready to challenge all comers. The dyke, which at that time was open, across the College Park, faced with stone as it was, was a trouble to many, but to leap across and back again was for him an easy thing. Twenty-one feet, three inches over water was his measured jump. Dr. M'Ilwaine, of Belfast, told me that, having entered College before my father left it, he remembers taking a walk one day to see a ploughing match in the neighbourhood of Dublin: when he came up he saw

the farmers and others pointing out foot-marks in the soft ground. He asked whose marks they were, and they pointed to the retreating figures of two young men, whom he at once recognised as John Gregg and Nicholas Armstrong. Mr. Armstrong was one of his greatest friends, was ordained the same day, and entered upon work in a curacy close to him, a man of great power and of original eloquence, but unhappily, after some years, he became a follower of Mr. Irving. His great powers were lost to the Church, although he lived respected by those with whom he thought well to worship.

At this time a great change had taken place in the student's mind and ambition. When he entered College, scholarship, eloquence, and art alone had charms for him—his ambition did not soar above such distinctions as these might bring; but, as he said afterwards himself, when addressing the Young Men's Society in Dublin, a change occurred at this time. He thus spoke of it:—

"It was while in that College I first caught the spark that set my soul on fire—a fire that I hope will not be extinguished through time or eternity. Oh! it is this which makes me pant for young men—for their happy lives, their glorious eternity!"

He had been induced by some of his companions to go to the Bethesda to hear the Rev. Benjamin William Matthias, whose preaching at that time was

greatly valued by some, but was not regarded with much favour by those in authority. He heard what he had never heard before, a man speaking from the heart to the heart, with natural, unaffected eloquence, plain in manner, instructive in style, opening up the Scriptures, and generally concluding his discourse with a burst of natural eloquence. The spark was lighted in the young man's soul, which brightly burned, with increasing vigour, from youth and manhood to a ripe old age—a flame which, as it burned brightly in his own soul, by the grace of God kindled the fire in the soul of many another, of how many shall never be known until the secrets of all hearts are revealed at the last great day.

From this time my father's thoughts were directed to the ministry and to preparation for it. He sought to exercise an influence for good over all with whom he came in contact, for such was his character through life, that whatever he took up he threw his whole soul into. One of his pupils, the Rev. Robert Blundell, told me that he well remembered how, when he was introduced to my father on first going to College, he walked up and down with him under the Library, and gave him such advice as only one a little older can give to a younger man. But although he now felt deeply on religious subjects, he never had any sympathy with that view, which more or less prevailed at that time of the Church's awakening

out of religious torpor, that literature and art and education were in themselves dangerous, and rather to be avoided than cultivated. He seems rather to have adopted the view from the very first which to the end he held, that his work was to do good; that as his powers of mind and body were consecrated to the service of God, it was his duty, as it was his highest privilege, to render them fit for God's service, and so to cultivate their use that their efficiency should continue; that all the stores of memory and imagination were to be laid under contribution for the same work; that whatever he knew or remembered or could know should be used to make him better able to do the work of God, the work to which his life was from this time devoted. When advanced in life he often spoke, especially in addressing young men, of his early days, without boasting, but in simple truthfulness, that by his example he might stir up others. He thus spoke of this period of his life in a lecture which, in the year 1859, he delivered to the Young Men's Society in Belfast:—

"I like the resolution of the missionary, Mills, who once said, 'By the blessing of God, men shall know that I have been alive.' That is a good resolution, I think. Now, my dear young men, I stand before you, and a very public man I am, and have been for many years. Will you believe me, I began

life as one of the most timid youths perhaps that ever stood up and made a hesitating speech. There was not a pore of my body that did not testify to the apprehension of mind when first I began to speak. I was the orphan child of the only Protestant family in one of the obscurest parishes in the most neglected county in Ireland. Forty years ago, without friend, counsellor, or adviser, I entered the City of Dublin, and without one solitary sixpence that I could call my own. My father died of fever, without making a will, and my eldest brother got all that my father left. I simply resolved, by God's blessing, that I would not be in the mud. God prospered me the first day I entered College, and from that day to this, I bless God—only by diligence, only by industry; no talent, no genius, or anything like it; mere common-place, every-day, everywhere-to-be-heard mind or ability, if it could be dignified by that name—I have been enabled for a quarter of a century, in our chief city, desiring and valuing, and in some little degree having, the respect of my fellow-citizens. I say this much of myself for your benefit, for you can do anything with yourselves if you will. Labour on at your memories, your imaginations, your tastes, your consciences, your capacity, and your knowledge. Labour on, pray on, strive on. This is the part of a man of virtue. It is the part of a man of mind, the part of a man of worth.

"I remember the time when my class-fellows were only amusing themselves, that I was humbly labouring and striving, and though I am now old, I am determined that whatever time is left to me I shall devote to the service of God and to the improvement of my immortal mind."

CHAPTER III.

ORDINATION—PORTARLINGTON—KILSALLAGHAN.

My father continued to reside as a scholar in College for four years, and in the year 1826 he was ready to enter into that profession of which he had formed in his own mind a very high ideal, and towards which his thoughts had been lately altogether directed. He obtained this year the first of the Downes Premiums in each of the three subjects, Written Composition, Extempore Speaking, and Reading the Liturgy; and having obtained his Divinity Testimonium he was anxious now to enter upon the practical work of the ministry. He obtained a nomination to the curacy of the French Church at Portarlington from Mr. Vignoles, afterwards Dean of the Chapel Royal, and subsequently Dean of Ossory, who in his hospitable old age welcomed the son of his former curate as his bishop in Ossory.

At the close of the year 1826 my father was ordained on letters dimissory, in the Cathedral of St. Edan, Ferns, and shortly afterwards he struck the key-note of his whole ministry when he preached his

first sermon in Stillorgan Church, near Dublin, on the invitation of his friend the rector of the parish, the Rev. Rawdon Greene. His text was Mark xvi. 15, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature:" words which clearly indicate the thoughts which filled his mind at the time, and the object which was before him then, and through all the years of his ministry. His sermon was a written one, and he often told me in his later days that he would gladly preach the sermon over again word for word.

He entered upon his ministry at Portarlington with intense earnestness and zeal; and I think there was ever afterwards in his mind a feeling of peculiar affection for the place and the people among whom he first worked—a feeling which, perhaps, no clergyman is altogether free from, who enters upon his work with an earnest desire to do good, and a real desire to win souls for Christ.

The circumstances of Portarlington have very much changed since that time. It was then the home of many families descended from the Huguenots. Many families of independent means were settled there, and there were some large and prosperous schools; there was, therefore, a work to do calculated deeply to interest an earnest and ardent man—many friendships were formed, and better still, many were roused up to think and pray, and afterwards looked

back upon that time and that ministry as the starting-point from whence they commenced to run a new course, and to live a new life. He received Priest's Orders from the Bishop of Kildare in the following year, but continued a curate a very short time, for in the year 1828, through the influence of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, afterwards Lord Fitzgerald, he was presented by the Crown to the living of Kilsallaghan, a parish in the Diocese of Dublin, on the borders of the Counties of Dublin and Meath. He did not leave Portarlington without great reluctance and without receiving tokens of the love and affection which the people bore to him. An address was presented to him at the house of his connexion, Baron Foster, in Merrion Square, to which he replied in terms which showed that it was with difficulty he consented to a separation from those to whom he had begun to be warmly attached.

On April 29th, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald had written to him the following letter: —

"My dear Mr. Gregg,

"I have satisfaction in acquainting you, that Lord Anglesey proposes to present you to the Vicarage of Kilsallaghan, now vacant by the promotion of the late incumbent to the Deanery of Killaloe.

"This benefice is reported to me by Mr. Lamb to be of the annual value of £250, and to be distant only seven miles from the metropolis.

"I wish it were of more value, but I trust it may lead to better, and I hope very much that such as it is, being in a desirable situation also, it may be not unacceptable to you. For myself, independently of my wish to serve you on private grounds, I have real pleasure in being able to recommend to the Government so deserving a clergyman.

"Believe me always,

"Very truly yours,

"WM. H. VESEY FITZGERALD.

"WHITEHALL, *April 29th.*"

The parish of Kilsallaghan was a sphere ill suited to the energetic nature of the new incumbent. The church was very small and the people few, and if it had not been within reach of Dublin, I believe he would not have been prevailed on to accept it; however, when he did accept it, he threw himself with characteristic energy into the working of it.

Shortly after he went to Kilsallaghan, he received the following letter, full of affection, from his friend Nicholas Armstrong, who was curate of Monasterevan, near Portarlington:—

"*August 10th*, 1828,

"Sunday evening, after church.

"MY DEAR GREGG,

"Though we have passed away from your remembrance like a summer cloud from the sky, yet pleasing

images are not easily obliterated from our minds, and we can still think with gladness of our absent friend, and desire to see him sometimes making one amongst us. We hear of you, and hear gladly, because report speaks favourably. May grace influence you, and peace attend upon your every ministration. When I am disposed to speak in prayer to the Lord (which, alas, is not as often the case as I desire), I wish to remember my dear Gregg. May Christ be with you and your people. Ah! Gregg, pray for me sometimes; I want every prayer that every friend can besiege Heaven with, for I am weak and foolish. Mr. Moore gives me an invitation for you to come here; he wants you to help at our examination of children. Do come, dear Gregg; many faces will welcome you with unfeigned smiles. Wednesday next will be our day. Wolseley wé expect. Will you remember me to your brother and his wife. Peace be with you all. ——— I have not seen yet. You shall meet him also, and some more interesting persons, I dare say. So again I say come. Whether you come or not write to me, and

"Believe me, dear Gregg,
"Sincerely yours,
"NICHL. ARMSTRONG."

The following letter from the same friend, written the year after, on the occasion of my father's mar-

riage, tells a tale of over-work, and of a somewhat excited mind. This I know at the time made my father deeply anxious for his friend's welfare, and not very long afterwards that step was taken by Nicholas Armstrong, to which I have already alluded, and which henceforth caused that their lives did not run on parallel lines:—

"DUBLIN, *Nov.* 30, 1830.

"MY DEAR GREGG,

"Yesterday I received a letter which you wrote to me, dated August 11. May the Lord grant you many mercies in your new state. May your dear wife and yourself help each other in the service of the Lord, who is after all everything to His Church. I esteem it a proof of your great kindness towards me, and of your confidence in me, that you wrote me the letter which I have received; may the Good Spirit make me more fit for your esteem and confidence than I am at present.

"I came from England last Friday morning, have been much occupied since—am even now quite covered with engagements.

"Oh, dear Gregg, will you pray for me that I may be filled out of Christ's fulness. How wonderful is God in His working—the base things chosen to do His high work—Lord preserve us in humility and wisdom. Dear friend, do you not think an awful

crisis is hastening. Let us encourage each other and the Church to prepare for meeting it.

"Gordon and Dean Murray have just come in upon me, and I can't go on. Farewell. May the Lord bless you. If you and your dear wife will accept the congratulations of an unworthy brother, I offer them. May the Lord be with you and bless you ever more and more, my dear friend, and I may say father in Christ.

"Farewell,

"NICHOLAS ARMSTRONG.

"CURRY'S ROOM."

My father has often said to me that the most eloquent utterances he ever listened to came from the lips of Mr. Armstrong. His fine voice, tall figure, and commanding presence, gave power and force to the creations of a poetical mind; and it was a deep grief to my father, of which he often in private spoke, that he turned aside from the ministry on which with him he had entered.

In the year 1830, my father married the daughter of Robert Law, Esq., of Dublin, one of the partners in Finlay's Bank—a man respected and esteemed by all who knew him. There were six children—three sons and three daughters—of whom five survive him. His eldest son is the Rev. John R. Gregg, now Vicar of St. Nicholas, Deptford. My father's marriage took place in Coolock Church, near Dublin.

To speak of her who still survives, I cannot; but this must be said, for surely, in the ministry especially, marriage either mars or makes the man. My father to his latest day thanked God that sound sense and earnest piety, an unobtrusive spirit that never entered unduly into public matters, with, at the same time, an orderly method and quiet perseverance that often compensated for the eagerness and fervour of his ardent nature, made his home a happy resting-place, and enabled him, with undivided energy, to throw himself into his public work. This blessing he often acknowledged. God permitted the same love to tend and soothe his dying hour.

Eight years were spent in the Parish of Kilsallaghan; but it must not be supposed that he confined himself to the work of a small country parish. He frequently preached in Dublin, often walking in and out. His friends eagerly sought for his powerful advocacy whenever any cause was to be pleaded, even at this time; and he was associated on terms of intimacy with the leaders of evangelical thought and work.

His appearance and preaching at this time are described by Charlotte Elizabeth in an article written some time afterwards, when she wrote an account of a visit to Ireland, and relates her impressions when she saw and heard him for the first time :—

"Returning to the packet at the time appointed,

I got into a coach, and bid the coachman drive me to one of the fine hotels in that truly magnificent street that is called Sackville Street. I had dinner with a party of highly-informed, polite, and sprightly gentlemen, one of whom, after dinner, asked me, as I was English and for the first time in the land of blunders and potatoes, to go with him to hear one of their famous Irish preachers; to which proposal I willingly consented. The church was at some distance, not far from Mountjoy Square, north end, and although it was a week-day, the church was densely crowded with one of the finest-looking audiences I had ever witnessed, most of them being well-dressed ladies. After the service had been slowly and solemnly read, and the tones of the deep-sounding organ and the sweet voices of the choristers had ceased, the reverend gentleman, who until now had been seated in the pulpit and concealed from our view, arose; he appeared about thirty-five years of age, middle stature, finely proportioned, and oh such a head! I had never seen its like, ample and high, a little stripped of the hair above, but behind it was adorned with raven-black and bushy locks: his eye was like the eagle's, when just before the prayer he glanced quickly around that multitude of immortal souls that appeared beneath him, and whom he was just about to address: he appeared full of the importance of the subject, the place, and the occasion;

and full indeed he was, for after opening the little black Bible which he held in his hand, and having read the text in a broad but sweet Connaught accent, it reminded me of the effect produced by the hand of a skilful musician flung across the chords of a well-tuned harp—a prelude of what might be expected."

In the sketch, which he afterwards published, of Mick Healy, an Irish peasant, he tells us something of his life at this time :—

"In the year 1829 I was minister of Kilsallaghan, a small parish in the County of Dublin, lying on the borders of Meath. The parish church was small. The congregation was composed chiefly of the middle and upper classes. It rarely consisted of more than one hundred persons. Strangers very seldom joined us.

"For several successive Sundays I observed a humble-looking countryman in church. He was more than six feet high, and broad in the chest in proportion. He was plainly, but comfortably dressed. His coat was made of whitish-grey frieze, such as is generally worn by the peasantry in Meath. He carried a stick, also—no unusual appendage of an Irish peasant. Something in his manner seemed to say that he had not been always a Protestant. He appeared to be then rather under sixty years of age. His

hair, which had been black, was turned grey, and gave him a venerable appearance. His manner during Divine service was very devotional. He always knelt during prayer, and stood up when the praises of God were sung. He seemed to enter with heart and soul into every part of Divine worship. His tall figure and manly bearing, his expressive countenance and fixed attention, could not fail to attract a preacher's notice. When the service and sermon were ended, he did not, as others do, linger near the church, nor loiter along the road in conversation with the people. He went home direct, and walked alone, as if, after worshipping God, he wished to commune with his 'own heart, and be still.'

"As he was not only a new, but a somewhat remarkable addition to the usual congregation, my curiosity was excited to know who he was. But being an utter stranger, not only to me, but also to all the people around, I was at a loss for some weeks to discover anything about him. After making some inquiries in the direction which he took on leaving the church, I was enabled to find out where he lived. His house, situated in a retired part of the country and in the County of Meath, was about four miles distant from the church.

"At that period I was much in the habit of ranging through the surrounding parishes, not having enough of occupation among the scanty population

of my own. This brought me sometimes into Mick's neighbourhood, and upon those occasions I called at his house. He also became a frequent visitor at the glebe. He spoke the English language very well, but he was positively eloquent and powerful in the Irish. When he used that tongue he was rapid and forcible; his eyes, his hands, and his whole figure were in motion, and every movement was in keeping with the strain of his words. He did not himself read Irish, but he delighted greatly in hearing it read. Occasionally I read to him passages from the Irish Bible, with which he seemed greatly pleased; on these he made most interesting observations in Irish. I had thus an opportunity of knowing more of his mind, and was, at the same time, improving my knowledge of the Irish language. I could say of him, in respect of the English, what a peasant in the South said of me in respect of the Irish, 'That I could not play near so many variations in Irish as in English.' There was great vigour in his words when he spoke in Irish, particularly on religious subjects. If I wished to call out all his powers, I had only to mention to him in Irish some Romish error. The mention of keeping the Scriptures from the people always kindled his ire. He himself was so full of guilelessness and integrity, that he broke out frequently in a torrent of invective against the corruption and crookedness of the Church of Rome.

"A class for catechetical instruction assembled every Sunday in Kilsallaghan Church, before Divine service commenced. It lasted generally from eleven to twelve o'clock. At this Mick Healy regularly attended, and took his seat in the midst of the class. Between him and the children the contrast in years, in figure, in dress, and in manners was of course strikingly marked, but in simplicity and guilelessness the difference, I may say, was none. Often did he sit on the same form with a lively boy, whose career has since been honourably marked, both in school and college, and who is now a Fellow of our distinguished University.*

"Some of my most pleasing recollections of that little country church, its peaceful sabbaths, and its quiet people, are connected with Mick Healy."

It is well that I should add the description which he gives of his last interview with that remarkable man, as it illustrates his mode of dealing directly, faithfully, and simply with a troubled conscience in the hour of death :—

"When I was with him, his aspect was lighted up with devotion, while his manner was calm and composed. Grace imparted dignity to his outward, and strength to his inward man. I found it instructive

* The Rev. John William Stubbs, D.D., F.T.C.D.

and refreshing to be with him. I saw that our Heavenly Father imparts not only needful grace to the living, but suitable grace to the dying. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' Some of the best lessons of instruction are to be learned in conversation with the poor, in the chamber of sickness, and at the bed of death. When near his end (on the day before his death, as well as I remember) he sent for me again, and waited with the most intense anxiety for my coming. When I went into his room I saw that he was much troubled. He told me that he was very unhappy—that he had a great load upon his heart. I exhorted him to disclose to me the cause of his uneasiness. He said, 'A great sin that he had once committed came up in his mind, and pressed like a heavy weight upon his heart; that he could not be happy till he had told me of it, and was assured of forgiveness.' 'When,' said he, 'I was in my former employment, my master's sheep got into the field of a neighbour, who was a Roman Catholic; the man in charge of the field abused me very much for the trespass, and swore a terrible oath that he would cut off my legs with the scythe which he held in hand. He vexed me very much; I lost my temper, and I swore a dreadful oath that if he came near me with the scythe I would fell him to the earth.' The remembrance of this oath, and of the wicked temper in which he was when he swore it,

was then most burdensome to his mind, and entirely disturbed its repose. I searched his conscience that I might know if he was truly sorry for the sin, if he was grieved for the dishonour he had done to God. As far as I could judge he was truly penitent. I then opened, as well as I knew how, the treasures of grace and mercy flowing to man through the blood of Jesus, to discover if he fully believed the all-sufficiency of that blood to cleanse him from that and every other sin; he expressed himself as one that most thoroughly believed it. I asked him, did he look to Jesus and through Jesus for forgiveness. He said that he did. I pointed out to him what God required—repentance and faith; I explained their nature—change of heart, and trust in Jesus, and showed him also that the Holy Spirit was their source. As far as I could see, he relied not on his own works or sufferings, but on the merits and sufferings of Jesus Christ only; he looked not in anywise, so far as I could perceive, to himself for repentance and faith, but wholly and altogether to the Holy Spirit. I then told him what the Saviour said to the sinner who had faith in Him—'Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.' I read to him that 'the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin;' that 'all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven to men.' I told him and showed him that any one, every one, and all are invited to come to Jesus at any time for

pardon and peace, and that He said, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' I then prayed with him for God's presence and blessing, and assured him that, if he had 'repentance towards God, and faith towards the Lord Jesus Christ,' both that sin, and every other sin of which he had been guilty, were freely, fully, and everlastingly forgiven. The load, he told me, was removed, his heart was comforted, and his mind relieved. From that time till he closed his eyes in death, 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding,' kept his heart and mind through Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER IV.

THE TITHE WAR—HOME MISSIONS—VISIT TO GALWAY AND LIVERPOOL—CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

THE period with which we are now concerned was a time of great anxiety and difficulty for the clergy in Ireland, on account of the opposition of the people to the payment of tithes; but although my father continually preached and spoke controversially at this time, he always received his tithes and enjoyed the regard and respect of his Roman Catholic neighbours; that this was so will appear from the address which was presented to him when he left Kilsallaghan.

Although there have been many efforts to represent it otherwise, yet he was always loved by those Roman Catholics who knew and heard him. To speak with personal bitterness was a thing abhorrent to his nature, or intentionally to hurt the feelings of any man; the play of Celtic humour, the knowledge of the Irish tongue, the intimate acquaintance with the customs of Ireland, the knowledge of the people which he possessed, were calculated to make his

eloquent appeals more telling to an Irish audience, and to endear the speaker to their hearts, whom they could not refuse to regard as one of themselves, although he refused submission to the Roman Church, and pleaded for liberty of thought and speech, and for the free circulation of the Word of God.

At this time he seems to have laid down plans for reading, determining to study, as he did all through his life, the best books and the best writers on each subject; the works of Hooker and Lord Bacon seem to have been his special study. The study of Holy Scripture took the first place, history and biography were also read. Indeed, all through his active life, he kept up the habit of reading, often taking more out of a book in a short time than another would in a long time; but of his habit and mode of study I shall speak further on.

It cannot be denied that, at this time, a cold formality prevailed in the Church in Ireland. Real earnestness, conscientious discharge of duty, and above all, faithful evangelical teaching were not often to be found; and about this time a new movement sprang up in the Church, of which it has been said to me that he was the life and soul, but in which, at all events, he took a very active part. Men whose minds had attained to a clear perception of evangelical truth, and whose hearts were warmed

by the love of Christ, desired that these principles should spread throughout the land, and dispel the darkness and indifference that still rested upon a great portion of the Church in Ireland, not yet awakened to its responsibilities.

The Home Mission Society was formed. The design was that evangelical clergymen should, from time to time, go through every part of Ireland, preaching and teaching wherever opportunity was afforded to them, generally in the churches, sometimes in schoolhouses, and occasionally in the open air. On these tours, when he held a country living, my father often went, frequently preaching in Irish, always, when he found it was understood. In this way, from time to time, he visited every county in Ireland, and oftentimes his clear statement of truth, enforced with fervid and poetic eloquence, was the means of rousing up pastors and people, and the message of truth and peace gave new life to many an anxious soul. These journeys laid the foundation of that great personal esteem, I may say affection, with which he was regarded in every part of Ireland.

Good men were associated with him in this work, especially his two life-long friends—Robert Daly, afterwards Bishop of Cashel, and Denis Browne, afterwards Dean of Emly. On one of these tours he visited the Rev. Peter Roe in Kilkenny, who was at that time Chaplain to the Garrison, and at his request

addressed a Highland Regiment drawn up in hollow square in the barrack-yard. He spoke to them in Irish, and was able to make himself perfectly understood. He also visited Cork on different occasions, little thinking that it would be the scene of the closing years of his ministry on earth. On one of these occasions he stayed with the Rev. George Cotter, at Rockforrest, in whose hospitable house he often stayed again when he was Bishop of the Diocese. He was not at time careless of order, nor did he disregard the commands of his ecclesiastical superiors; there is no doubt that the work which he did then is much more generally regarded now as a legitimate offshoot of the regular work of the Church than it was then. But on one occasion, when he arrived at a certain town, although advertised to preach, he was inhibited: he instantly obeyed, and did not preach, although some friends, with more zeal than prudence, would have urged him to do otherwise.

At another time, in company with the Rev. Robert Daly, he visited Tuam, where a meeting, in connection with the formation of a branch of the Irish Society, was presided over by Archbishop Trench, the last Archbishop of Tuam. At this meeting, as often happened then, but rarely if ever now, the Rev. M. Loftus, P.P., a good Irish scholar, met them in open argument. When some disturb-

ance arose, it is said that Mr. Gregg's occasional Irish sentences were as oil upon the waters; and in the evening of the same day he preached in Irish to a very large congregation of Irish-speaking Roman Catholics, and two days afterwards to the largest congregation of the same class ever collected there, in the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, Galway. The impression made upon the Archbishop of Tuam was so great, that he made every effort henceforward to obtain Irish-speaking clergymen for his Diocese, but with only partial success, and he wrote to my father begging him, if it were posssible for him to do so, to give himself to him for six or eight weeks for the purpose of preaching through his Diocese.

Shortly after this, with Mr. M'Ilwaine, of Belfast, he visited Liverpool, where a meeting was held, at which Dr. M'Neile was present, in a district inhabited by Irish Roman Catholics. The meeting was crowded. Mr. Gregg was speaking, and made some hard hits about the confessional, whereon a disturbance commenced, and for a time things looked very serious. The disturbers shouted, but my father stood unmoved on the platform before them, and when the noise abated a little, began to address them in Irish. This was a charm not be resisted, and after a little their good-humour returned, and they heard him with deep attention to the conclusion of his address.

It was about the same time, too, when he was speaking at a meeting in the Co. Kerry, an effort was made by a young man, a Roman Catholic, armed with a large stick, under the platform, to disturb the meeting and to drown his voice; but the message penetrated to the young man's heart, as the faithful labours and long ministerial life, devoted to the welfare of his own people in his own land, of the Rev. Thomas Moriarty still afford proof of.

In company, I think, with Mr. Daly, he had gone in the year 1830, to London to help in the effort for which many friends of Ireland were very anxious that a church for the Irish in the neighbourhood of St. Giles' should be built, where the service might be conducted in the Irish Language. He pleaded the cause apparently with success, and with so great acceptance, that some efforts were made to tempt him to settle in London. He had been staying in London with Mrs. Phelan, better known as "Charlotte Elizabeth," the name under which she was accustomed to write. I have already referred to one of her articles. She had enjoyed his visit, and was evidently an admirer of his talent. She wrote him a long letter, full of affection, and, at the same time, conveying some good advice, from which the following is an extract:—

"Two very rich talents are entrusted to you: one

is your skill in the Irish language; and this invaluable coin should be kept bright by constant circulation among the poor, bringing in abundant interest to the Giver. I fear that the enemy will persuade you that you will be serving the cause equally when pleading for and extolling the excellence of this gift before the rich, as when letting it have free course among the poor. But this would be, if not wrapping it in a napkin, at best putting it under a glass, to be gazed at and admired. Alas! all the suffrages that your eloquence might gain would be ineffectual in preventing that awful issue. Your gold would canker, and the rust of it would be a witness against your soul. The other talent is your boldness and fidelity in reproving what is inconsistent; to wear this away, the enemy would entice you into the society of the religious world—would make you the centre of attraction, and cause the cloud of their idolatrous incense to ascend, until you could no longer see clearly the hands that scattered it. This, too, would be an evil deeply affecting your soul. To promote in any way the exaltation of the worm self is to connive at the dishonouring of Jehovah, whose name is Jealous, and who will not give any portion of His glory to another. Whenever Satan hopes to stab at you, it will be by putting a glittering dagger into the hands of your friends. May the shield of faith be always interposed, and the Spirit be ever

active in you, which led Paul and his companion to run in with rent clothes among the multitude, and to reject with agony their perfumed garlands and their idolatrous sacrifices. You can hardly think how constantly this subject has occupied my mind since I parted from you. Every hour showed me more and more in how much peril you would stand if once becoming the darling of the public. There is something in your character that, like me, dearly loves to be loved. I am quite sure of it, and my fervent devotion to the cause of my poor Irish renders me so alive to any danger of diverting from their service what the Lord has given to be a right to them. That talent of the Irish tongue is gold, and a brilliant diamond sparkles in it, in the rich native eloquence which you undoubtedly possess. Oh, what a blessed instance of self-denial will it be if the Lord enables you to carry this bright gem into the dark valleys, where it will diffuse its lustre and prove too useful to be merely admired, instead of allowing it to be ranked beside other glittering things too much admired to be useful. Am I too faithful with you? No; you will see that the warmest affection for you and sweet Erin prompts every word. My friends say, 'Do persuade Mr. Gregg to come and stay among us.' I reply, 'May the Lord persuade dear Mr. Gregg to stay away and shun your dangerous atmosphere of applause.'"

This letter he preserved, as he had a great regard for the writer. The Irish language he cultivated to his latest day, and used it whenever opportunity offered; and perhaps there were few men who passed through the fiery ordeal of long-continued popularity with less injury to their spirit than he did.

CHAPTER V.

WORK AT HOME—HABIT OF WALKING—SUCCEEDS MR. MATTHIAS—FAREWELL ADDRESS—WORK IN DUBLIN—BUILDING OF TRINITY CHURCH.

THE eight years spent in Kilsallaghan were not altogether given to work away from home. He did go out on Home Mission tours, but with this he combined much work at home. He used regularly to visit, and catechise, and to preach in his own church, as well as occasionally for his friends in the neighbouring parishes. He thought nothing of a walk over to Swords or Malahide for an evening service. At this time, he used occasionally to drive his own horse in a gig; but this with him was never a satisfactory, or even a safe arrangement, for his thoughts were occupied with other things than the horse, and one day, it is said, the horse being of imperfect vision, descended ignominiously into the ditch, so that after this, by the advice of his friends, he left the management of the horse to his servant. Walking was the exercise which he always preferred, and to a perseverance in the habit of walking he owed much of his continued good health.

He had continued all this time on terms of friendship with Mr. Matthias, and when his declining health made it necessary that a successor should be appointed to the Chaplaincy of the Bethesda, the Trustees offered the appointment to my father. To give up a Crown living at that time was not a usual course for a young man, and he was strongly urged by friends not to do so. Other prospects too were held out, but he thought it right to take up the work of his venerable friend, and no doubt, for one so full of energy, both of mind and body, and filled also with a holy zeal, the pulpit of a city church was more suitable than the charge of a small country parish.

The following Address was now presented to him, and shows clearly the value set upon his ministrations by the Protestant inhabitants of the parish, as well as the warmth of the feeling entertained towards him by his Roman Catholic parishioners :—

"Reverend and Dear Sir,

"Whilst with feelings of the deepest regret we would address you on the occasion of your retirement from this parish, still it is a great alleviation of our sorrow to consider that, when it has seemed fit to the unerring Head of the Church to remove you from your attached flock here, He has placed you in a situation where you may be made the instrument in His hands of 'bringing home many more sons and

daughters to glory' than you could in this limited sphere.

"When eight years since you were appointed pastor of this parish, you found it in much spiritual destitution; but through your incessant exertions alike with the rich and poor, the old and the young, accompanied by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, we trust that 'your labour has not been in vain in the Lord.' Our Church, which you found almost deserted, you have filled to overflowing by a congregation taught (we would humbly hope) to value the pure Gospel which you so powerfully preached.

"You have also, during your entire ministry, taken a high stand in support of the Church of England, and your straightforward and honest maintenance of her principles has done much to raise her in the estimation of those who may conscientiously differ from her. Indeed, the sincere respect manifested towards you by so many of this parish and neighbourhood, who entertain religious opinions contrary to those you advocate, eminently prove that the gentleman combined with the Christian is a character which will enforce esteem and regard, even from its religious opponents.

"To the poor, more particularly, your loss will be a sore affliction: from your own liberality and your zealous advocacy you procured funds, which it was your delight to distribute without religious distinc-

tion; and following the example of your blessed Master, who 'went about doing good,' you exerted yourself in every possible manner in their behalf.

"Accept, Dear Sir, the accompanying *piece of Plate*, as a small tribute of love and gratitude from your faithful friends, *amongst whom are included some of your Roman Catholic neighbours.*

"Begging, although now removed from us, you will continue to address the Throne of Grace in our behalf, we commend you to Him who is able to support and guide you in the important and responsible situation in which you are now placed."

To which the following answer was given:—

"My Very Dear Friends,

"Though your affectionate Address much overrates my humble labours while among you, yet, with pleasure, I receive it as containing the sentiments of your hearts.

"The years we spent together as pastor and people, though to many, years of trials and of troubles, through the mercy of the Lord, over me flowed peacefully: they brought no injury to my person, nor trouble to my home. Our Sabbaths were tranquil, our assemblies were solemn. May the Saviour proclaimed in them be dear to our hearts; loudly am I called on to thank the Lord for His mercies, and to be humbled in the dust for my unprofitable

life. Oh! that I had more laboured to bring conviction to your conscience, to show you your sinfulness and danger by sin; that I had more fervently prayed to the Father of mercies to draw you to the Saviour—to be renewed by His Spirit, and cleansed in His blood. In principle and feeling I wished to be Protestant. My principles were avowed, and my feelings were strong. What I believed to be truth, I tried to encourage; and what I believed to be error, I wished to remove. Many of my neighbours felt strongly, differed from me, and thought me in error, yet I respected those neighbours, and wished them well; and you know they were kind and respected me; and why should it not be so? If we differ, why should it not be with kindly feeling, and why can we not, and why should we not, earnestly contend for what we believe to be true? Is it not our bounden duty, our dearest interest (while we touch not conscience, life, liberty, or property), to use every argument of Scripture, and every power of reason, to exterminate error, and establish the truth? Were such weapons, and none other, thus used through our Island, would not truth at length triumph and error decay? Violence should no more be heard in our land, wasting nor destruction within our borders.

"I trust you will continue to open your hands wide to your poor brethren that are around you. In my endeavours to assist them, I was so cordially

met by you that I was little more than the channel through which your bounty flowed.

"The testimony of your regard I accept, and will preserve to remind me of the peaceful years I spent among you; and I request you will express to my Roman Catholic neighbours, that I gratefully recognise in this, that respect and kindness which I uniformly received.

"Farewell, dear friends! grace, mercy, and peace be with you. Love Jesus as your best Friend, lean on Him as your best support, faithfully serve Him as your kindest Master, and soon shall you be with Him in the heavenly fold, cleansed from every stain, and freed from every error. God your Father, heaven your home, and a long eternity of joy before you.

"Believe me,

"Your affectionate Friend,

"JOHN GREGG.

"DUBLIN, *February 4th*, 1836."

The work of a city clergyman was more congenial to him; and all through life, when he had work suited to him, he threw himself into his own work, and sought for no other. Immense congregations thronged the small and rather inconvenient chapel of the Old Bethesda, to which an Asylum for Orphan Children was attached, and adjoining the chapel

was the residence of the Chaplain, where my father lived.

One stormy day, an old gentleman, Mr. Vance, meeting him in the street, stopped to talk to him; and a shower coming on, they took shelter under an archway, and there he proposed to give £2,000 if a sufficient sum were collected to build a new church. This was, as my father has often said, the beginning of the building of Trinity Church, which, it was soon determined, should be built in Lower Gardiner Street, near the Custom House.

This same gentleman, Mr. Vance, afterwards left to him, by will, £13,500 for the purpose of building and endowing churches; by the distribution of which he was enabled to do much good: and this it was which afterwards led another gentleman, George Thomas Spiller, to leave him a large sum for a similar purpose.

In the distribution of money left to him for charitable purposes, he always acted with scrupulous care; and I find that at this time he was doubtful whether a certain sum of money placed at his disposal could be applied to the building of Trinity Church, of which he was to be the Incumbent. He appears to have consulted his venerable friend, Henry Irwin, Archdeacon of Emly, and Incumbent of Sandford, for the following letter is clearly the answer to such an inquiry:—

"SANDFORD, *Jan.* 31*st*, 1838.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have carefully, prayerfully, and dispassionately considered the subject which you mentioned to me to-day; and I have not the slightest hesitation in giving my opinion that, where a sum of money has been placed in your hands to be applied to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom according to your own discretion, I know not how you could so advantageously discharge the trust as by contributing to the erection of a *new* church in some less favoured district of Dublin, under such arrangements to secure the preaching of the Gospel in *perpetuity*, as far as human precautions can provide. In all our plans to glorify the Lord and subserve His cause, 'men's persons' should be kept out of view as much as possible. Let a house be built and dedicated to His service, and sure I am that *He* will bring to our hands suitable agents to proclaim His mercy, and crowding worshippers to fill His temple. If this be ultimately determined, though I may not be permitted to see the completion of the building, yet I will rejoice in the happy assurance that this blessed ascription will continually resound within its walls—'Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.'

"That in all your deliberations the Lord may be your counsellor, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate unworthy brother in the Gospel,

"HENRY IRWIN."

The building of the new church was now rapidly proceeding. Architectural beauty was certainly not regarded. The church is plain without and plain within, calculated to seat about 1,800 people. The construction, as far as hearing is concerned, was good, and the arrangements convenient for the accommodation of a large number of people.

It was a strange coincidence that, at this time, the church, which he was about to leave, should have been burned down, but so it was. On January 6th, 1839, a storm occurred of great violence, and extending over a large area; and in the midst of this storm, a fire broke out in the Asylum attached to Bethesda Chapel. The violence of the wind rendered it impossible to check the flames: and they spread with great rapidity until the Chapel and the Chaplain's residence adjoining it were totally consumed. It was a night long remembered in Dublin: so great was the force of the wind that it was difficult to stand in the street—burning pieces of timber were driven hither and thither, and carried to a great distance from the seat of the conflagration. It became necessary at once to provide accommodation for the congregation, and, with the consent of the Archbishop, the Round Room of the Rotunda was immediately engaged and prepared for service.

Steps were also at once taken to rebuild Bethesda Chapel; and in the new church, soon afterwards

erected, the Rev. William Krause for several years officiated.

In the Rotunda, during the ensuing spring and summer, my father regularly officiated. The crowd was very great, and I have often heard him say, that he never addressed a congregation composed of such different classes, and of so many who were not ordinarily church-goers. Many Roman Catholics went in there, who would not have entered a church. By him it was regarded as a great opportunity given to him in the providence of God; and in the full tide of his intellectual and manly vigour, he preached with even more than his wonted energy.

It was arranged that Trinity Church should be opened on Sunday, November 10th, for Divine Service. There was not any public ceremony of consecration, for Archbishop Whately regarded consecration simply in its legal aspect. He came down one day in his carriage, walked through the church, signed the deed of consecration, and drove away again. Great care was necessarily taken as to the legal status of the church. A district had been assigned from the Parish of St. Thomas, the endowment of £1,250 required by the Act of Parliament provided, and all the details carefully arranged by a committee who, at that time, and during the two and twenty years of my father's incumbency, managed, without giving him a moment's anxiety, the temporal

affairs of the church. His brothers-in-law, James Hawkins and Alexander Norman, with Edward Smith, Frederick Cosgrave, Henry Pilkington, and others, were all along indefatigable lay-helpers to him; they looked carefully into every detail, and left him free to do that spiritual work on which his soul was set.

CHAPTER VI.

OPENING OF TRINITY CHURCH—PASTORAL VISITING—SWIFT'S ALLEY CHURCH—LORD MORPETH—USSHER'S CATECHISM—NORTH STRAND CHURCH.

On Sunday, the 10th of November, 1839, Trinity Church was opened for Divine Service, being filled to overflowing at both morning and evening services. In the morning my father's text was 1 Cor. ii. 2—"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." And in the evening his text was John vi. 66 to 68. The work on which he had now entered was in every respect suited to him, and gave full scope for the exercise of all his powers. He lived henceforward a very public life. I do not, however, purpose to write a continuous narrative of this period, or to enter into many details; if I can show the manner of his life, and the principles on which he worked, it will be sufficient for the purpose which I have in view.

There was some debt upon the church at the time it was opened; but every sitting which could be let was taken—a considerable number, however, were always free, and about this he was very particular. The Offertory collections were large, so that the financial condition of the church was from the first prosperous, and, indeed, was always so while he was connected with it. For the first few years he declined to receive the full income to which he was entitled, and the debt was soon entirely cleared away. His house was within a very short distance of the church, at the opposite side of the street, and there he constantly resided, with the exception of some months in the summer, when he used to enjoy the fresh sea air of the Hill of Howth, and take a run for a few weeks to the South or West of Ireland, or to North Wales, of which he was very fond, or occasionally to Scotland or to the Continent. In later years he had a house at Malahide on account of ts greater convenience.

To describe his work, at this period of his life, in a few words, I may say that the central point was the pulpit of Trinity Church—from this, all the other works connected with his charge branched out. The motto of his life, as he often said, was usefulness. He devoted his whole energy to doing good; he cultivated every talent. He lived for the work of God. It was his pleasure as well as his work. Every in-

terest and occupation in life was subordinated to this. His habit was to rise early, and to breakfast early after some quiet time spent in private devotion. He generally spent from about eleven o'clock to five o'clock in visiting the members of his flock, and the inhabitants of the district attached to the church. He attended very few committees, and entered very little into the secular work which often takes up so much of the time of a city clergyman. He has often said to me that he considered that his influence in Dublin depended more on his pastoral visiting than on his preaching. Wherever there was sorrow or sickness, there he was; and in the home of poverty and destitution more frequently than in the house of the wealthy. The Archbishop made it necessary at one time that the clergymen of the district churches in Dublin, of which there were several, should ask permission from the Parochial clergy to visit the members of their flocks. It was necessary for him to ask permission of nine and twenty clergymen, from so many parishes were his congregation drawn. This he at once proceeded to do. He did not enter much into the various questions which agitated the Church during this period. He was always an advocate of Scriptural Education; but in the discussion of the question of National Education *versus* the Church Education Society, he never took much part; no doubt, the friends with whom he was accustomed

generally to co-operate were to be found in the ranks of the Church Education Society, and there was an annual collection for the Society in the church; but he was not in the habit of publicly advocating its claims himself. His habit was to preach regularly on Sunday Morning, very often on Sunday Evening, sometimes regularly, frequently on Tuesday Evenings, when he had special courses of Controversial Lectures, as he often had. Then he preached regularly on Thursday Mornings, when his addresses were less formal and more of an expository teaching character. On Wednesday he had his class for ladies, which was largely attended; on Thursday Evening his class for young men, which was principally attended by students of Trinity College; on Friday he had at times a class for boys; and on Saturdays always a catechetical class, largely attended, for children.

Then there were the Sunday Schools, in which he was assisted by an invaluable band of teachers. Robert Vance, James Irvine, and Henry Pilkington taught for him, successively, a large class of young men.

Miss Jane Burdett, The Misses Nixon, The Misses Adams, Miss Mayne, and many others worked with indefatigable energy in connexion with the Sunday School for girls, and then there were Daily Schools for boys, girls, and infants; Dorcas Societies, District

Visitors' Meetings, and other agencies calculated to do good in a large town. These were all supported liberally by the wealthy congregation assembling in the church, placed as it was on the borders of a district inhabited by the poor, and largely, by a seafaring population.

In addition to these local works, my father connected specially with Trinity Church a very poor church in one of the poorest districts of Dublin, and regularly had a collection on its behalf, and for this purpose his pulpit was occupied each year occasionally by Dr. M'Neile, and Fielding Ould, and frequently by the Rev. Thomas Nolan, now of London, who was always ready to aid this good cause; and very much through the help of this annual sermon and the indefatigable exertions and watchful care of his brother-in-law Samuel Law, Swift's Alley Church is now in a better position than many other churches similarly situated.

He had from time to time the help of very valuable assistants in his work. There are peculiar difficulties in the position of an assistant in a district church, where so much depends on the Incumbent, but in his case these difficulties were generally overcome by his genuine kindness, and by the force of that admiration which the reality and power of his character generally aroused in the minds of younger men. His first assistant was William Mills, a man of gentle, loving

spirit, to whom he was greatly attached. He left him after some years to enter upon Parochial work, and fell a victim to the famine fever in the parish of Kells, in the County of Meath. After him many will remember the fine tones of the deep voice of the Rev. Frederick Dowling as he used so well to read the morning service. Of him I need not say more, as he was well known in Dublin as one of the best Hebrew scholars, and one of the ablest interpreters of Scripture, when he occupied, as Incumbent, the pulpit of Bethesda in later years. After him came the Rev. Robert William Forrest, with whom my father made acquaintance at his young men's class, and recognising his power encouraged his preparation for the ministry, and in his old age felt a pleasure in knowing of the distinguished position which he occupies in London.

In the last years of his ministry at Trinity Church, he was faithfully aided by the Rev. Mervyn Archdall, who came down with him to Cork, and was appointed to the important Parish of St. Luke after the passing of the Irish Church Act. He acted as one of the Bishop's Chaplains during the last years of his life, and is now Archdeacon of Cork.

In the earlier years of his ministry, when he felt that his strength was really equal to the position which he held, regarding its influence as unequalled, he declined on different occasions to accept any

favours from those in authority. He was requested to become Chaplain to Earl De Grey when he came over as Lord Lieutenant in 1841, but he declined the honour, as he did not wish that anything should turn away his attention from the work of Trinity Church, although, at that time, a party from the Castle regularly attended the Church. Under the previous Government, Lord Morpeth, who had been Chief Secretary, had been in the habit attending the church, and when he was going away wrote him the following note, and thus commenced an acquaintance which ripened into a friendship between my father and Lord Morpeth, afterwards Lord Carlisle.

There was between them a great sympathy on literary subjects, and more than might be supposed on spiritual subjects. Lord Carlisle afterwards offered different appointments to my father, and finally recommended his appointment to the See of Cork. Of the friendly communications which passed between them my father never spoke, but for his noble friend he had a very sincere regard. The first letter which he received from Lord Morpeth is as follows:—

"*September* 26, 1841.

"SIR,

"As I have not had the pleasure and privilege of making your personal acquaintance, I have, perhaps, the less right to make this intrusion upon your kind

offices, but I have heard enough of, and from you, to make me hope that you will let me confide the enclosed draft, as a parting token of my respect and esteem, to your distribution among such charities or objects where you think it would be productive of most good.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your very faithful

"Admirer and Servant,

"MORPETH.

"Rev. J. GREGG."

From this time Lord Carlisle was connected on different occasions with the Government of Ireland, and on each occasion his regard for the minister of Trinity Church seemed to increase.

In the year 1843, my father published, for the use of his classes, a Catechism, taken from the works of Archbishop Ussher, entitled, "The Principles of the Christian Religion, with a brief method of the Doctrine thereof, by Archbishop Ussher." He thus writes of it in the preface :—

"The following little work of Archbishop Ussher is not so generally known as it deserves. I am anxious that you, and more especially the young people, should be made acquainted with it. The

good Archbishop 'drew up (he tells us) when he was about the age of two or three and twenty years, two short summaries of the heads of Christian Religion; one (the following) containing the more necessary and plainer principles thereof, fit to be known of all. After he had ranged through almost all learning, human and Divine, and was full of years and honours, he revised it, and sent it abroad in its present form, 'hoping (as he writes to the reader) that as at first I had the favour from God, that none did despise my youth; so now these first-fruits of mine will not altogether be contemned, being by me again presented unto thee when my head is grey.'

"As the Reformed Church never had a brighter ornament, nor the Reformed Religion a more able defender, than the illustrious Primate Ussher, I feel that I can safely recommend this his work to your prayerful study. Thoroughly digest it, and by God's blessing it will enrich your minds with much weighty and scriptural truth. While meditating therein, and treasuring it up in your memories, may Almighty God 'send down upon you the healthful Spirit of His grace, and pour upon you the continual dew of His blessing, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"JOHN GREGG.

"DUBLIN, *December*, 1843."

This Catechism contains in a systematic form a very clear statement of Doctrine.

At this time the Rector of the Parish of St. Thomas, in which Trinity Church was situated, was Archdeacon Magee, a son of Archbishop Magee, known commonly in Dublin under the familiar title of "Tommy Magee." Of his sayings and doings, and of his peculiar hospitalities, there are many traditions. At this time, however, he was determined to assert his legal rights as rector of the parish, and he closed the North Strand Church, a church situated near Trinity Church, in the midst of a poor population: the Endowment necessary to give it a recognised position in the eye of the law had not been raised, so that the will of the rector was sufficient to close it. This was done. My father felt that the occasion was an important one, and that he should make an effort, with the help of his congregation, to raise at least a portion of the Endowment. On the following Sunday Morning he stated the case, and asked the people to raise £300 for the purpose, dividing it into so many twenties, tens, and fives, and proposing himself to head each division. The money flowed in to him, and in a very few days, I think before the following Sunday, he had £900 for the purpose, so that, as soon as the legal steps could be taken, the Endowment Fund was

raised and lodged, and the church re-opened for Divine Service.

This is but an instance of that largeness of spirit which always prompted him to aid his brethren in less favourable circumstances than his own. When their work prospered, he was glad; and when they met with difficulties, as he could he helped them.

CHAPTER VII.

CHARACTER—NATURAL GIFTS—USE OF OPPORTUNITIES —SENSE OF HUMOUR—PREPARATION FOR THE PULPIT.

It is right that I should now endeavour to give some idea of my father's character, and yet I would prefer to let what he said and did tell its own tale, for many might think that too favourable would be the picture of a father's character drawn by a son; but yet the very love I bore him, and the influence which, from my earliest days, I am conscious his character exercised upon me, caused me to observe him the more closely, and there were few who had better opportunities of studying his inner life, and of knowing what his mature judgments were, especially in the closing years of life. To speak of his character as distinct from his preaching and speaking would be impossible, for the business of his life was to "preach the Word;" and there never was one whose character shone more clearly out in the public utterances of the lips than did his. His speaking was the pouring out of a full mind, the real expression of his feelings; in its substance carefully prepared; in its circumstantials, depending on the suggestions of the moment affected

by all surrounding influences, and therefore greatly dependent on his state of health; and, as he often himself said, on "a good night's sleep." It was coloured by the books which he had been reading, and the people with whom he had been conversing—and this was, perhaps, in itself one secret of the influence of his preaching, for he spoke from the heart to the heart. If I must speak of natural gifts, I have to tell of marked benevolence, of a good memory highly cultivated, of a brilliant imagination, of a mind clear-sighted and very quick, so that he would take a comprehensive view of any subject, and quickly examine it in different aspects, readily bringing a great power of thought to bear on any subject presented to him. With this there was a great power of application and concentration; whatever he did, he did with his might. He was able to fix his attention on a given subject at a given time. His mind passed very quickly from one subject to another; but he only did one thing at a time. There was no giving of attention half to one thing and half to another, but wholly to neither. Then he had great perseverance, and a manly determination to conquer difficulties. This he showed all through his life—at school, in college, in Trinity Church, in later life. To this must be added, a great knowledge of human nature, a wonderful insight into character, so as generally to form a true judgment. He observed men. He studied men. He read them

as other men read books; and therefore he knew, as it were intuitively, what would influence and what would move.

There is, I believe, no exaggeration in this outline; and if we then consider the working of the grace of God upon such a character, and look at such gifts, consecrated to the service of God, ennobled and transfigured as it were by the abiding influence of grace, and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, we shall see a picture of the man as he lived and worked for God. High and lofty aims had he as to the cultivation and improvement of his own powers, and with mighty hand he cast wide the seed of the Word, that like aims and ambitions might be stirred up in the minds of others.

True benevolence shone out in all his life: he was kind to the poor. Sometimes too kind; so that, no doubt, he was often imposed on. In his own money affairs, he was strictly accurate, always living within his income, simple in his own wants and expenditure, so that he was always able to give liberally in proportion to his means. Benevolence shone out in every stage of life. He was kind to the poor, and humble. He loved little children, and they loved him; and in his later days, as he walked about the Palace grounds, even the little robins watched for his coming, that they might pick up the crumbs which he used to carry away for them from the breakfast table.

Cheerfulness marked his life at home, and indeed always characterised his religious views, and was transparent in his preaching and speaking. This had a considerable influence in rendering it attractive; men were not depressed, but cheered; the sorrowful were comforted; the struggling encouraged.

The position which he occupied in the metropolis for so many years brought him necessarily into contact with a great variety of mind and character. In his pastoral work he came into contact with every class of society. Many were the strange scenes of domestic life which he must have seen—sad outbursts of human wickedness; hearths and homes made desolate, in the providence of God was he often called on to witness. These opportunities he sought to use; he studied how to use them; he studied to speak a word in season; to a busy man in the crowded street; to a servant as he passed up stairs, as well as to the members of a family whom he might quietly see, not satisfying his conscience as some well-meaning persons do, by uttering the same formula to all alike, but studying to suit the remark to the character and circumstances of each. In this he sometimes seemed abrupt, occasionally gave offence, but rarely. Many a one there is who still remembers such a word, kindly and earnestly spoken, but tersely and quaintly, and in many an instance the seed brought forth fruit unto everlasting life.

As an illustration of this habit I may quote the following extract from a letter of a clergyman, the Rev. W. Hutchinson, now in Australia, written to a friend :—

"I attended Trinity Church when I was at college, and got valuable advice from him. Just before I was ordained he met me on the Quay and took me to his house. One of his questions was, How are you going to preach ? And after some amusing remarks, such as, 'You will have a nice sermon case, &c.,' he said, 'My advice to you is, Get yourself into the subject, and then you will get the subject into yourself, and go and speak to the people the words of this life, and if you cannot do this it is because you have nothing to say.'"

In the sick room his manner was very quiet and wonderfully gentle. When he prayed, as he often did in such a case, an extempore prayer, it was simple, short, and earnest. Words well chosen, faithful, and affectionate, were spoken to the sick one. In the house of sorrow, his visits were ever welcomed ; and the memory of the balm which he was enabled to pour upon the wounded spirit, gained ever after a ready entrance for the words of teaching and exhortation in that home.

This was the work constantly and quietly carried

on which bound the hearts of the members of his congregation to him with a wondrous love.

As to what is commonly called gossip, he had absolutely nothing to do with it, it had no interest for him. Ordinary small talk had no charms for him. He had, and ever exercised, great self-control in what he said of others; to speak unkindly or harshly of any was not his way; no one ever heard him utter an unkind remark; Although he might shrewdly judge, he charitably hoped; the charity that thinketh no evil, gave birth to the word calculated to encourage or to remove a difficulty.

He had all through life a very keen sense of humour, and was full of amusing stories, especially of Irish wit and rustic life, but not always did he allow himself to indulge in this vein, never in the pulpit, although sometimes a quaint or homely illustration, natural to him, might provoke a smile in the case of a stranger, but this he never sought to do, except occasionally, when preaching controversially, he deemed it necessary to preserve good-humour.

On the platform he oftentimes amused, sometimes perhaps too much so, when it seemed as if an irresistible flow of anecdote and illustration, often quaint, bore him along; but then the rapidity with which he passed from the gay to the grave was wonderful, and showed the true power of an orator when he played upon the feelings of his audience as upon an instru-

ment, now convulsed as they were with laughter, and in a few moments more melted into tears, and borne up by him, as they always were at the conclusion of such a speech, into a higher region of thought and action. They not only felt the force of what he said, but were impelled to act. Most of the troubles into which he got in public in the way of severe criticism arose from this cause, and he often sought to put a restraint upon himself, but natural good-humour sometimes carried him further than he himself really approved of.

His speaking was at all times rapid, so much so, that reporters not accustomed to him found it very difficult to take down his words, and on one occasion when he visited London, it greatly amused him to see some of the English Reporters throw down their pencils in absolute despair.

He preached much more frequently on texts than on subjects. He greatly disliked the habit of taking, as he said, a text as a post to run away from—or the giving a fanciful interpretation to an isolated expression; or the taking of two sentences or verses from different parts of Holy Scripture in a forced connexion. I believe his first step in the way of preparation was intense study of the passage of Holy Scripture on which he was about to preach, in its context. This study was always conducted in the spirit of prayer, and with prayer. He sought to find out what the Holy Spirit would teach by the passage, studying

each word and idiom. His favourite commentary on the New Testament may, I think, be said to have been Bengel's Gnomon. He found the hints of Bengel more suggestive than the dissertations of other men. Alford he used too, but he preferred Wordsworth's and Ellicott's Criticisms on the Greek of the New Testament. He rarely made notes for a sermon, when he did and used them, as I have seen him do, there was generally an appearance of restraint. The real secret of his preparation was long-continued concentration of mind on the thoughts suggested by his text. The words he did not prepare; the illustrations he did not prepare. He liked well to have a country walk and think upon his subject. When living at Howth he used often to walk up and down a level path in the heath near the top of "Sheil Martin," which we used to call his Terrace Walk, just opposite the beautiful range of the Wicklow mountains, and overlooking the blue waters of the Bay of Dublin. There, with this glorious panorama spread out before him, breathing the pure mountain and sea air, with his heart full of thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, many of the sermons delivered to crowded gatherings were, no doubt, thought out.

I have said he did not make notes in the special preparation of a sermon, but the books which he read he always marked, and often wrote out well-expressed or striking sentences in the beginning and end. He

left numbers of blank books filled with sentences and passages from the great writers, carefully written out; these he studied, and many of them he committed to memory, and at times introduced into a speech with wonderful accuracy. Books on the art of speaking he always sought for and studied. He studied closely the old classic writers on Oratory. Then among the poets, Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Campbell, Wordsworth, and Coleridge he was familiar with. Homer he studied closely. Virgil and Horace too. By the studying of all these he sought to form his style, not writing or preparing his words for the particular effort, but concentrating his mind on the subject, which always resulted in fertility of thought and power of expression, trusting to the general effect of his reading, and the habit of mind thus formed, for the clothing of the rushing thoughts in appropriate language. He was well aware that this was a mode of preparation which would ill suit many minds, and would with some always result in lame discourses, but it suited him best, and the habit of concentrating his thoughts once formed, exercised as it often was amid the turmoil of a city life, grew more easy for him, and saved him from the labour which others are often obliged to give to the pen in order to obtain that grasp of the subject, and consequent fertility of mind which is necessary for all successful extempore speaking.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXPOSITORY PREACHING—THE SERVICE—THE SERMON—APPEALS TO THE CONSCIENCE.

As I have already indicated, the character of my father's preaching was expository. He was himself a close and constant student of Holy Scripture, attaching great importance to the accurate study especially of the Greek of the New Testament. Few men could be found more familiar with the Greek Testament than he was. The result of this appeared in every sermon. He endeavoured to teach the real meaning of the Word of God, dwelling frequently on each sentence and word until he carried his hearers on with him to the full appreciation of the meaning of the passage which he desired to convey. Then there was a clear and distinct statement of doctrine. There was always a full recognition of the work of the Holy Spirit, and of the power and necessity of prayer. He did not, however, mould his teaching according to the hard lines of any system. There was a natural freedom about it, following the course and pattern of Scripture: to preach Christ was his object. Christ, in all His fulness, was the substance

of his teaching. The doctrine of the atonement, with all its consequences, was the theme most frequently dwelt on; but with him, "coming to Christ," an expression which he often used, was applicable, not only to one time in the life of a Christian man, but was expressive of the attitude of the mind of the saint, in every period of the Christian life, as well as of the sinner seeking pardon through the blood of Christ; the Christian life for him was a continual progress, a continual coming to Christ.

He regarded the pulpit of Trinity Church as a centre for missionary work. He was well aware of the large number of strangers that every Sunday formed part of the congregation, many who, perhaps, had never heard his voice before, and who might never hear him again, so that he looked upon it as an opportunity which he was bound to use, to put prominently forward the great doctrines of the Gospel, to state them clearly, to attract attention to them, to illustrate and enforce their truth, and to persuade those whom he addressed to receive them. At the same time, no preacher was ever more fearless in enforcing the practical obligations of the Gospel. It is more easy to do this in a large than in a small congregation, for there is not the same danger of personal offence; but even this danger he sometimes incurred, for fearlessly and faithfully he spoke. The foundation of the sermons was the argu-

ment of a passage of Holy Scripture. The arguments and exhortations, those which would naturally spring from it. To him the lines of Cowper would apply—

> "In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
> And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste;
> And natural in gesture; much impressed
> Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
> And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
> May feel it too; affectionate in look,
> And tender in address, as well becomes
> A messenger of grace to guilty men."

There are many still who will remember those Sunday mornings in Trinity Church. The large plain church was well filled before the service commenced—the aisles crowded with people waiting to get seats; every sitting was to be filled at a certain point in the service. No organ was heard in the building. The two clergymen entered quietly. The younger read the first part of the service, solemnly and well; the lessons were usually read by the preacher, with earnestness and great expression: he fully entered into their meaning, and made it plain to others. He evidently joined heartily in all the service. I remember asking him whether he was able to keep his mind free from the subject of the sermon during the service. Yes, he said; he found it a great relief, before he preached, to forget the

sermon, and enter as he did into the spirit of the service.

A Psalm and Hymn were sung at morning prayer in those days, a very few voices leading; the words and tune were both well known. When they went well, there was a grand burst of human song; when they went ill, the effect was not pleasing to musical ears; but generally the hymn before the sermon was a familiar one, well chosen, and was sung with great earnestness and power. While the congregation were singing this hymn, the vestry-room door opened, the preacher passed quietly to the pulpit, with difficulty finding his way through the crowd and up the steps, which, too, were generally occupied. By this time, in the aisles, at least half way up the church, was a dense mass of standing worshippers. Many were young men from Trinity College.

He went into the pulpit without the slightest appearance of formality or affectation; a brief prayer; and when the hymn was over, the short Collect was said:—"O God, forasmuch as without Thee we are not able to please Thee; mercifully grant that Thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts; through Jesus Christ our Lord." Then the Lord's prayer. The text is given out.

He begins very simply and quietly, slowly, sentence by sentence, sometimes word by word, for some time he goes on explaining the text, and the

context, dwelling on words, explaining their meaning, throwing them, as has been said, backwards and forwards—one might suppose, as was often really the case, that he was nervous; but suddenly it seems as if the mind caught fire, the eye of the preacher glistens from beneath the dark overhanging brow, the movement of his hand becomes more rapid, the torrent of thought and illustration begins to roll and rush along; now rolling deeply and quietly; now interrupted, as it were, rising and rushing over the obstacles, casting far its spray. The subject is viewed in many and various aspects; inferences, suggestive and striking, are made; appeals to the understanding and to the feelings follow one another rapidly; illustration after illustration, drawn from nature, literature, and art.

Now teaching, now pleading, now warning, now entreating, the speaker seems to become too excited, as if he could no longer control himself; but suddenly he checks himself; his voice and manner are for a few moments quiet. Again he starts on some newly suggested track of thought; thought succeeds thought; different classes are addressed: fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, merchants, tradesmen. The poor, the sorrowing, the young, especially young men, with words of sympathy and loving earnestness, and then the whole mass seems as it were melted into one, all swayed by the

power of the word spoken by the one earnest, loving soul. He has spoken for over an hour. All are rapt in deepest attention, when suddenly his voice again changes, and in tones of wondrous softness, gentle as the whisper of a summer breeze, he speaks in some such words as these:—

"The time is coming when you and I will pass away. Our sand will run down, grain after grain, and the last sand will soon be out. Our lamps will soon begin to flicker, until the last flicker shall have taken place, we cannot tell how soon. It is appointed to us all once to die, and after death the judgment. You are all here now very solemn, very still, very attentive to me, and God enables me to speak to you. Every mind here may yet be thinking in heaven; every heart beating here may yet beat in heaven; every tongue here may yet speak in heaven; every energy may yet act in heaven. All these souls may be stars in the bright firmament of heaven yet. But oh! my friends, there is an alternative to all this. For those that will not be in Christ, who will not live to Christ, and for Christ, there is the blackness of darkness for ever; there is punishment, there is imprisonment, there is banishment. The chain with which they will be bound shall never be snapped; the wail of anguish never will be stilled. The wicked shall be turned into hell. All are wicked

who are not righteous, and none are righteous but those who are in Christ.

"We never met before under one roof all who are here to-day; but we shall all meet again once more, and only once, more throughout all eternity. In that assembly, oh, how different! It may be some centuries before it shall take place, and it may be thousands, but what is distant will be near, and what is future will be present. The time when the King shall descend. The throne will be fixed, the seat will be occupied, the books will be opened, the graves will yawn, the dead shall rise—the sea, the river, the lake, the village churchyard, the battle-field, all regions of the earth where man is entombed, will send forth their dead; like the waves of the sea before the wind, will they go forward to the judgment. Oh! what scenes will be there! The king without his crown, the peasant without any deference to the king; the child, the stripling, the aged man, all onward, onward to the throne. There is Holiness on the throne, Justice on the throne, Truth on the throne. Look at the division of the people, part to the right, and part to the left. Mark the right—all erect, all elevated aspects, bright eyes, beaming countenances, happiness beaming in their faces, music ringing in their ears, love shining in their souls. Ready, they stand. Mark the solemn array—ready. To the left,

all dark, black, trembling. Terrible clouds fraught with fury above them, and a voice more harsh than the thunder says, 'Depart, depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.' The earth yawns, the smoke ascends. They descend like lead in the mighty waters, the earth closes, and the place that knew them knows them no more at all for ever. May God forbid that any of you should be in that awful multitude on the left hand. Oh! may you now come to Jesus, be washed in His blood, renewed by His Spirit, freed by His grace, animated by His words. May you live to Him, through Him, and with Him for ever. But you on the right who are washed white—white as virgin snow. Here is Jesus, your Judge, your Saviour, your elder Brother, enter into that rest which has been prepared for you before the foundation of the world."

In a few quiet sentences, one or two more words of entreaty, he now closes, the vast assembly joins with him in prayer. He pronounces the benediction, then all join in singing the Doxology, and quietly separate. Many, very many, filled with what they had heard, convinced of sin it might be, or stirred up to new life and energy, a new hope kindled. Many, as always, thoughtless, and bent on the next excitement.

In the fly-leaf of a Greek Testament, which he used

at this time, are carefully written out the following memoranda for his own guidance. They will be interesting to those who aim at speaking in appropriate language on a subject previously studied and thought over, and they will know that the hints given are the result of much experience:—

"Much depends on vitality and vigour of body, much depends on the mood and spirit in which you are; therefore pray, and feed your mind with truth, and attend to health.

"Much depends on subject; therefore select carefully. Much on preparation; therefore be diligent. Much on kind and number of hearers. Much on method; therefore arrange. Much on manner; therefore be simple and solemn, spirit earnest, tender, and affectionate. Much on language; therefore be choice. All on the Spirit; therefore invoke His presence, and rely on His power, that you may expect *docere*, *placere*, *movere*.

"Energy depends on state of mind and body, ease on calmness and self-possession; this on constant intercourse with people and variety of ranks, and much practice.

"Read aloud various passages and portions. Think much, and read select authors. Converse with refined and well-informed persons. Prepare well for

each public occasion. Exercise your powers in public often, and always do your best.

"Let your public manner be an enlargement of your private, and let that be natural and simple, graceful without awkwardness or affectation."

CHAPTER IX.

NOTES OF SERMONS—CREATION AND PROVIDENCE—SALVATION BY GRACE—RETROSPECT OF LIFE—SALVATION—THE FOUNDATION—THE LIBERTY OF THE GOSPEL—THE COMFORT OF THE GOSPEL—SALVATION THROUGH JESUS.

NOTES of his sermons were often taken, but even professional reporters found it impossible to take down the whole of one these sermons. The rapidity of utterance was very great. He never corrected any reports except those which he published in his lifetime. The notes of the following sermon were taken by Miss Nixon, who was in the habit of taking down his sermons as a labour of love. It was preached on November 19, 1848, at a time when all Europe was agitated, and thoughts of liberty stirred men's minds, and will, I have no doubt, be read with interest. The text was—

"For by grace are ye saved through faith: and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast."—EPHESIANS ii. 8, 9.

"The almighty God, my brethren, has wrought many works the reason for which He has not been

pleased to assign. But one work He has done, and His reasons, or some of his reasons, He has been pleased to assign, and that is the work of salvation, and the reason which He is pleased to assign is 'lest any man should boast' or 'glory,' as the word is translated in other places. 'Not of works,' *i.e.* that it is the work of God entirely and not of man at all, lest any man should glory—giving us to understand that if the works of man had part in it, and the works of God part, man would boast of his strength, wisdom, ingenuity, &c.; but instead of that, that it is contrived by the wisdom of God, and carried out by the grace and power of God, without any help from man or creature, and thereby God gets all the glory.

"I beg your attention to this subject to-day, for it is a radical point. I want to reason with you. Turn to 1 Cor. i. 23, 'But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness,' &c. 'For (ver. 26) ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh,' &c. 27, 'But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise,' and here is the reason assigned (ver. 29), 'That no flesh should glory in his presence.' That is, no man—flesh belongs to man, not angels. That no man should glory in himself, exult in himself—no human being—but that every human being should glory in the Lord. Then he goes on to show that it is He that does it—(ver. 30), 'But of Him'—of God, not of yourselves—

'are ye in Christ Jesus'—by God, not by man—'who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption;' 'wisdom' inside of Christ; folly outside—righteousness inside; unrighteousness outside—freedom inside; bondage and slavery outside. 31, 'That according as it is written, 'He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.' That he assigns as the reason (a double reason, one from the Old Testament, the other from the New) that if any of the human race should have throughout eternity, 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption,' he should give the whole glory to the Lord—that no man should give any glory to himself; no man can; for anything that is good in his mind, soul, heart, character, is from the Lord. The Lord alone has originated and perfected that in man which is or shall be good. Now I say, my brethren, that this is in perfect harmony with all God's works. If you consider the creation, for instance, you must perceive that God must have all the glory of it. Throw your mind back on creation, What brought man into existence? Or the creatures with which the universe abounds; who planned them? By whom was the plan formed? Who brought the mighty plan into existence? It was God alone; the whole plan was His. And then when the stupendous work was accomplished, Who kept those systems in existence, without wear or tear, without passing away? It was God. God has all the glory of

Creation and of Providence; and I say that greater than the work of Creation, and than the work of Providence, is the work of Redemption. What is it to me, the grandeur of Creation or Providence if I am to be a ruined creature throughout eternity? Salvation supposes disease; and man is diseased; mortally wounded; ruined, as far as he is concerned, hopelessly ruined. A greater work then—more magnificent, more stupendous—is the work of our salvation. Now God has dealt with that as with the others. He has the sole glory of it. No rightly reasoning mind that considers the Creation but must see that God has the glory of it, as well as of Providence; and in salvation—every branch of salvation from the commencement to the end—He has arranged it for this purpose that man shall not have the glory; and you will find that the humble Christian never boasts of his good works.

"I have reasons which I will advert to presently for making these observations. Now turn to Rom. iii. 27. 'Where is boasting then? it is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay, but by the law of faith.' Where the Apostle, after developing most beautifully the plan of salvation, asks 'Where is boasting then? it is excluded. By what law? By works?' By works that He requires man to perform is it? By works in order to be saved? No; that would include glorying, instead of excluding glory-

ing. 'Nay, but by the law of faith ;' that is the Gospel. He requires faith; that means that faith is sufficient. Now mark—If you intend to be saved in harmony with the works of Creation and Providence you must have some kind of religion that will give all the glory to God and none to yourselves. You must have such a view of things—you must have your whole hope set on—your whole expectation founded on—your whole perfection flowing from the Lord. Rom. iv. 1, 2, 'What shall we say then that Abraham our father, as pertaining to the flesh, hath found? For if Abraham were justified by works he hath whereof to glory, but not before God.' And you know justification is the great branch of salvation for the pardoning of our sins, and the acceptance of our souls, and therefore Abraham was not pardoned or accepted for what he said or did. Ver. 11. 'And he received the sign of circumcision, a seal of the righteousness of the faith which he had yet being uncircumcised: that he might be the father of all them that believe,' &c. Therefore, the 'father,' or the leader; the great champion; the great chieftain; the singular illustration of this truth, in that though ungodly and unrighteous he was justified by faith. Look at Jer. ix. 23, 24. 'Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that

glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me.' That is the point, brethren, to think much of yourselves for—those are the verses, parents, to make your children get by heart. And what about the Lord? 'That I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness,' &c. Now mark what He has; loving kindness. Now, you know, love always acts, and proves its existence by conferring benefits on those who are the objects of it; and we are the fallen family, and He, the Father, has loving-kindness, and that is the point to understand.

"When I was meditating upon these points to teach you, I took up one of the public papers which contained an account of a meeting of the tenants, Protestant and Roman Catholic, of a certain nobleman, and at which he presided.

"After a great variety of most useful, kindly, generous, manly, admirable sentiments expressed by this gentleman, and for which he was loudly cheered—towards the close, the winding up, the climax of his observations, he added, 'When the final closing scene comes upon you, may your brightest hopes be founded'—upon what? 'upon the retrospect of a well-spent life!' The brightest hopes to be founded upon the retrospect of their own well-spent life! Oh! brethren, if the brightest hopes of any one of you be founded upon the retrospect of your own well-spent life, I tell you in the presence of the Lord God of

Hosts, that your brightest hopes are as black as hell. The darkest picture that imagination ever drew falls short of the horrors that await you. It is declared by the God of the universe that in and through Christ only is life for poor sinners. Oh! fix not your hopes on any such sandy foundation. He has fixed the Rock of Ages—the foundation of the universe—the red blood that cleanses from all sin—the righteousness of God. He has laid this foundation, this 'sure foundation,' to build your hopes upon, and here they are brighter than the splendour of the meridian sun. It is by building on Christ—on Christ alone—by looking to Him alone—to Calvary, that any of the fallen race of Adam can look back with any prospect of being pardoned or accepted. That way of salvation is of man. This is of God. That of the sinner. This of Jesus. Now, I will ask you, Is there nothing in your life, no passage in your history, which you do not like to recall? No rising of anger—no passion, &c.—nothing contrary to the love of God and man. James says, 'In many things we offend all'—or we all offend, so that we cannot build our hopes on that as a foundation. If, brethren, the most important part of any building be the foundation, surely, when we are about to build a fabric for eternity, we ought to see that the foundation be sure, and 'other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.' (1 Cor. iii. 11.)

"Many a benevolent, kind-hearted man is as dark as night in spiritual things. Nature does not quicken us—it is the Spirit that does that. Now, don't think I undervalue good-nature, benevolence, &c.; but it is a sad mistake when God, the holy God, the righteous God, demands from man, that he shall stand before Him sinless in nature, and perfect in righteousness, that he should go to death with a lie in his right hand, trusting in anything but the blood that God has given for him, and the righteousness that He has provided. And, brethren, you don't discharge your duty to your friends when they are sick, if you don't speak to them about the Friend of sinners; if you don't tell them of the blood, of the merits of Jesus—of Him who came to bring us back to Paradise—to make us more than conquerors, through Him that loved us. Oh! tell them of Jesus—tell in the sick man's room of the blood of Jesus; don't let them go into eternity with their sins on their own heads. For 'by grace are ye saved.' Salvation comes by grace, or from grace, as you sang to-day—

'To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.

There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.'

In which we have a description of salvation. 'Peace and liberty are found;' 'There sin and sorrow cease;' 'And never hunger,' that is, never want more. This is as to the place; a place of liberty and peace, joy and enjoyment; no sorrow there; no sin there; no want there. Well, these are the external features of the place where the saved will dwell; and as a family will they dwell—God the head of the family—this is the dwelling-place of all the saved. But this salvation has sanity, has soundness in it. Safety from external hurt or harm, and the possession of internal soundness or sanity. The affections right; the thoughts right; the desires right towards God, and man, and self; all right, and every external danger removed—brought with a perfect internal framework into a perfect external place—all suited to our nature, and our nature suited to it. Now are you suited to it who are vain, selfish, worldly?

"Foolish worldly people imagine others do not see through the disguise with which they would hide their vanity and worldliness; but many do see through it; and remember, there is one eye that searches every crevice, every pore of the soul; there is not one lurking passion or affection that the eye of God rests not in full blaze upon! And you must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ! But blessed be God, though diseased, you may be

restored; and the restoration of our nature comes down, not up—from God, not from man—from grace, favour, kindness, good-will to man in the breast of God—though there is ill-will in the breast of man to God—God graciously disposed to us, though we are vilely disposed to Him.

"If, then, you want to have your mind set right—look up. If you want to have your heart, your soul, your character set right—look up. If you want to have your prospects brightened, grace is the fountain, full, overflowing, streaming, gushing most beautifully, munificently, magnificently, refreshing, gladdening all around it—which makes its way into the frame and mind of man; and it is in Jesus, who came 'meek and lowly and having salvation'—having soundness in Himself to infuse into the poor human soul; for Jesus came to bring to bear upon us the grace of God. See Titus ii. 11, 'For the grace of God which bringeth salvation.' Grace, the free favour of God—its source. Now this grace is for the purpose of preventing our glorying in ourselves.

"Now your minds, even such of you as are not converted, have the power of reasoning. Who gave you that power? Or if there is any good in your power of reasoning—to God is the glory. You have memories, the power of judging rightly. Who gave those powers? God. To God then be the glory. Health, strength, life. Did any man give you life?

No; God. To God then be the glory. Now come inside. Sanctity of heart—where can you get it? How can you get another disposition—a good inclination? From God. It must come from above. For 'every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights,' &c. (James i. 17.)

"I know an objection is made to this, and people say, 'Oh, by that kind of teaching, you say good works are of no use at all.' But this is the most absurd reasoning in the world. What would you think of a man about to build a house, beginning to labour with all his might and main at the roof of the house, never resting till he had the roof of the house completed. And if I were to ask him why he was labouring so at the roof of the house, &c. 'I want to put up the house.' 'But you are beginning at the wrong end. You should look out first for a proper foundation.' 'Oh, then I see you don't set any value on the roof of the house.' 'Did I say so? I did not deny its value; but I want you first to lay the foundation,' &c. So we want to put the sinner first on Christ—then come good works.

But these people won't see the absurdity of it. They have no inclination to be built on Christ; and yet when we are out of Him we are foolish, and in Him only are we wise. Oh! come to Him, and you will know, by happy experience, that it is a safe place

—a happy place. Would you not like to be saved—to have liberty? Brethren, in this country we love liberty—we are steeped in liberty. But here is a liberty, such as earthly poets never sang of—liberty of thought, of energy—the immortal undying liberty of the children of God. Liberty to hate sin—to trample down sin and Satan—to reach to heaven. The poets of heaven sing of this liberty—exult in this liberty—glory in this liberty—bought with the blood of the Son of God. It will make heaven's eternal arches ring, the plains of immensity to resound. The shouts of liberty among men commingle with the tears and wail of widows and of orphans. This liberty, too, was bought with tears, and cries, and blood—a shaking, too, a commotion—but it was among the spirits of darkness. There was joy in heaven—for 'there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.' There is joy with this liberty—peace with this liberty, which, when we have it, we are 'free indeed.' Would you not like to have this liberty, this peace? Ah, brethren! your right to it was purchased dearly, at a costly price, dearly by Jesus; but to you it comes without merit, money, or price. The heart receives—the Spirit seals it. Grace is its source. In heaven it has its origin. Jesus is the channel of communication, the power by which the whole is brought to bear upon you is the Spirit

of God—external safety—internal thorough soundness of our material and spiritual nature, of character and conduct. Grace its source—Jesus its channel—and the Spirit the power that applies it effectually.

"But how are we to get at it? I am now just using one means by preaching the Gospel. How can a fellow-mortal, by preaching the truth, be the means of enlightening the mind, &c. Would not man then be proud? No; I can't set you free. It would be a reproach to me if I said so; but I tell you what, God can set you free by my instrumentality, if I speak the words of truth. 'My sheep,' says Jesus, 'hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me.' The truth of Jesus we are to hear. Some think they are not to come to church to hear the Gospel at all. Some come from curiosity, &c. I trust, brethren, there are many among you, the people of Jesus, that the love of Gospel truth brings here; some the love of Christian instruction, and some whose minds and hearts and souls are refreshed and regaled by the mighty Spirit of Jesus.

"The Gospel is the Jubilee trump. Blessed be God, since Jesus died it has resounded and reverberated through many lands. The Jubilee year has begun, and is not yet expended. Of old, when the silver trumpet sounded its dulcet notes, the captive Israelite shook off the chains and fetters which bound him, crying, 'I am free. I can get back to

my people, from whom I have been so long an exile. I can get back my property. I am no longer a slave —I am a free man.' Thank God the trumpet is still sounding, my brethren, home, joy, liberty. Oh! come to this Gospel liberty: the silver sound of the work of Jesus, which is music and melody to the ear of every sinner that believeth. Claim your right—your bought, your purchased right. Come, you poor sinner, you dead sinner. Come, you vile sinners. 'Him that cometh to Me, I will in nowise cast out.' How know I when death may remove some of you?

"Brethren! you were asked to pray to-day for a family in affliction, and from a painful cause, indeed. But a few months ago I was at the dying bed, and marked the glazing eye of a youth in the full bloom of manhood, on whom was laid the cold, icy hand of death. Within a short interval, the sister, just settled in life, and, after giving birth to a little babe, on her God has laid His hand, and she, too, is laid in her lowly grave. Ah, brethren! we can sympathize, for we know how, even when a little one is taken from us, the heart will bleed. But when a stripling, a youth—what a chasm! What years, what time can fill the gap? No; never can anything fill the deep chasm made in the parent's heart!

"Such are earth's prospects! We cannot count upon them: they are marred and spoiled. We see, from time to time, that nothing can cheer but the

blessed Gospel of God. And it does cheer. Are you afraid to die? Afraid! What should I be afraid of? The blood of Jesus—the righteousness of Jesus—precious blood of Jesus—precious salvation. May the balm medicinal still flow from the tree of life to heal the wounded soul—stilling every murmur, and chaining the heart down to the hand of the Most High! Brethren; it is one thing to hear of sorrow, it is another thing to feel it in our own house, another thing to see the pale countenance of son or daughter, indicating that all we love is about to go from us. Life is a poor portion at best. Oh, brethren! Jesus it is that takes the sting from death, and sheds a beautiful light over the dark valley of death! Jesus it is that lifts up the aching heart and head; and when the heart is yearning for Him, longing for Him, it is Jesus meets it still, and pours comfort into the soul. He calms our sorrows, and enables us to bear the trials of life, leaning on the arm of the Lord. And all from grace, by faith, that golden link which unites the sinner to the Saviour, and that faith comes from above. Think, brethren, while you can have salvation. May God the Spirit convince you of the value of it. The difficulty is to get people to set any value at all on salvation. Food, the richest food, is set before you, yet some of you may go away having no taste, relish, longings for it.

"Oh, you that are alive, pray for the dead! You that are alive by the Spirit, pray for those who are dead in trespasses and sins. Pray that God the Holy Ghost may give them joy and peace in believing. It is the salvation of God, called the great salvation.

"I wonder your minds don't long sometimes to get into the immediate circle, where He manifests His presence—to look on His paternal face—to walk over heaven's broad plains—to mingle with its happy society—to enjoy peace of heart and soul—to have the character that God will approve—not only begun, but going on throughout eternity—to hear such sounds, for, no doubt, we shall have ears to enjoy sounds—to have such pleasures, for we shall have tastes to appreciate them—to behold such spectacles, for, no doubt, there will be admiration, for 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.'

"Go home, brethren, and meditate on these subjects, and don't go away without having your part in salvation. No! don't go to your beds in danger; don't go to death, to judgment, without having been washed, sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God. Difficulties there are in the way; but what is difficulty? It is only a spur to our energies, to aspire the more, to

press on more earnestly. Oh! come then to this salvation, through Jesus—through Jesus only. He tells you, that him that cometh, He 'will in nowise cast out.' May God the Spirit convince you of sin, and lead to Jesus' blood, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

CHAPTER X.

MISERY AND MERCY—SUNDAY SCHOOLS—TEACHING—PREPARATION—ADVICE TO THE ANXIOUS—WRITING AND SPEAKING.

At the beginning of each year it was my father's habit to preach specially to children on an early Thursday in the month of January. The church used to be crowded with little ones on these occasions, and a multitude of bright and eager faces were turned towards the pulpit as he addressed them.

He published, from time to time, ten of these sermons addressed to children. They had a large circulation in his life-time, and it is probable that they may be now reprinted in a collected form. Immediately after the children's sermons, it was his habit to have an annual sermon on behalf of the Protestant Orphan Society, and a collection for the Society, thus giving to this good cause the first-fruits, as it were, of the offerings of the congregation for the year. Very large sums were given in answer to the appeal, which it was always his habit himself to

make. I remember on one occasion, after one of these appeals, an anonymous donor throwing down into the area in front of the house a bundle of notes amounting to £50, to be added to the collection made in the church. One of the sermons preached for this Society, on January 13, 1850, he published under the title of "Misery and Mercy." He thus concludes:—

"My brethren, who are partakers of a common misery, you can now be sharers in a common mercy. The God of mercy provides the Bread of Life to feed you, the garment of salvation to cover you, the Refuge of Sinners to shelter you. He is willing, through Jesus, to receive you unto Himself. Behold in this the loving-kindness and mercy of your Heavenly Father. Let us 'be followers of God, as dear children;' let us show the mercy of the Christian for the misery of the orphan. Oh, consider the rich provision mercy makes for you—look at the land to which you are invited, there is no night there; look at its people, they are all righteous; look at their eyes, there are no tears in them; listen to their breathings, there are no sighs in them; look at their forms, there is none fading or feeble among them. 'Who is a God like unto our God,' 'delighting in mercy?' That mercy flows full and free to the chief of sinners, through the blood of the Lamb. Come each, come all, and partake of this mercy, and aid

me to-day, and bear with me to-day! I ask you for God's glory to help the fatherless and dry the widow's tears. I ask it for your own sakes, for the sake of your families, and for the sake of society at large. Give this day generously, give nobly, as God hath prospered you. You are only the stewards of God. The gold and the silver are not all yours; there is the widow's portion, give it; there is the orphan's portion, give it; and, in one sense, nothing is yours, for all is God's—He says, 'The world is mine and the fulness thereof,' 'The silver and the gold are mine,' and 'every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.' My brethren, as you have received mercy from God, show mercy to man; 'freely ye have received, freely give.' 'Relieve the fatherless; plead for the widow.' May God the Spirit, 'without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy,' dispose you so to do; and to Him, with the Father and the Son, be all the praise, both now and ever; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

In the year 1847 he had delivered an address to Sunday School Teachers, which he published under the title of "Observations on Sunday School Instruction." It was very carefully prepared, and is full of practical advice on many subjects. Towards the end of it he thus speaks to the teachers, showing the interest which he took in all the details of their work, and how fully conscious he was of the importance of

attending to little, as well as to great things, in the carrying on of this and every other work :—

"A punctual and regular teacher will have a punctual and regular class. If you fulfil your parts, you may expect them to fulfil theirs. If they are absent, call on them ; if they are sick, visit them ; a house-going teacher will have a school-going class. The letter of a teacher to a sick or afflicted child is felt as a kindness ; it brings to remembrance the truth, soothes the sufferer, and often is blessed to the family.

"Discipline well your class : in war discipline does more than valour, than number, than strength. Some schools are more like a mob, than a well-disciplined army. You should have order ; *let all things be done decently and in order.* Much will depend upon your plan, and the firmness with which you carry it out. Let each teacher look well to the order of his own class ; the disorder of one may infect others, and spread confusion through all. Be so placed that you may see every eye, and that every eye may see you. You should so speak that all may hear, all may understand, and all may profit. Do not speak so loud, as to disturb your neighbours. When you speak, every one in the class should attend ; and when any one of them speaks, you and the others should attend. Allow only one to speak

at a time. Treat with patience and kindness the listlessness of youth. Do not expect the same amount of attention always, nor at any time the same gravity as in mature life: all light-heartedness is not evil; feelings of different kinds quickly succeed each other in youth. They should not make school a place of gaiety, and you should not make it a place of gloom. You should so temper the manner and matter of teaching, that they will feel pleasure, not pain, in going to be taught. Distinguish between buoyancy of spirits and levity; interfere not with the one, it is the regular spring of the mind; repress the other, it leads to danger and deviation. Weigh well the capacities and attainments of the class, that you may give a suitable portion to each. They have trials at home, and dangers at school; do not undervalue them; small to you they may be, but to them, in their weakness, they are great. The plants are tender, and require care; they are of different dispositions and habits, and need different treatment; some are backward, and require the sun; some are forward, and do better in the shade. If you would have them prosper, pray for a blessing; without it the most healthy will fade, and with it the most weakly will flourish; even a dry rod with God's blessing will bring *forth buds*, and bloom *blossoms*, and yield *almonds:* Give them time to grow; do not force their growth; you may cause weakness

instead of strength: rather check hasty growth. Some persons obtain excellent roses by nipping the early buds; and November-roses are said to be the sweetest, being less exhaled by the sun. Some trees, most useful, most fragrant, and that last longest, are of slow growth.

"Knowledge is the food of the mind; it will not grow without it; give it neither too much nor too little, and give it of the proper kind. Exercise the mind, and keep the faculties in motion, if you would have them healthy and strong. Question them continually, and let them answer for themselves. Do not answer for them to save them trouble, or to show them how much you know. They will soon find out that you wish to hear yourselves talk, and that you are full of self-esteem. If they think that they are not expected to answer the questions which you put, they will not attend to either question or answer. Let your questions be plain, pointed, and precise, that they may attend, and understand what you say. If you are the only speakers, they will not be even listeners; for while looking at you, their minds (such is youth) will roam elsewhere, and be busy about other matters. You may be delighted listening to your own voice, and admiring your own wisdom; their minds will rove in search of pleasure, and leave you to enjoy yourselves. 'While some men teach,' said a ship-builder, 'I can build my

ship from stem to stern; but from the time this man begins till he ends, for the life of me, I cannot lay a plank.' It requires wisdom to ask questions well, and patience to wait for answers; and we often give ourselves credit for more wisdom and patience than, I fear, we possess. You should arrest and fix attention by your manner, and repay it by the nature of your questions, and by the patience with which you wait for the answers. Make them teach themselves, and feel that they are doing so, and they will value the more what is taught. The well-taught are the self-taught, and the taught of God. Do not let them live like drones on your stores of knowledge; make them go out and gather for themselves. Call forth the powers of their minds, this is the secret of teaching, and make them work. Study their nature, and adapt yourselves to them. Do not turn away, because they are not such as they should be; your wisdom is to deal with them as they are.

"They have taste, and like variety; bring forth to them things new, as well as old. Look not for these in traditions, but search them out in the Scriptures; in the one you could find plenty of errors, in the other nothing but truth. Many errors are old, they are nothing the better for that. I see no reason to make me venerate them, whether they are new or old, but every reason to make me detest them, because they deceive.

"Youth likes animation; you should be lively: a drowsy teacher will have a sleepy class. Some teachers are too deep, and some have no depth at all. Some give too large a portion to the class. If they try to master it, their minds are overloaded, and overworked, and therefore weakened and discouraged. Others are superficial or lazy, or both; they do not think or read for the class—how can they improve them? Those placed under such teachers, who come empty to school, must go empty away. Have plenty of materials ready, and know how to use them. Be like Elihu; his mind was well furnished. '*For I am full of matter: the spirit within me constraineth me. I will speak that I may be refreshed.*' If you do not remember, during the week, that you are to teach, they will not remember what you teach. If you do not prepare what you say, it will not be worth saying. What costs you little will be worth them little. Your class—your beautiful little flock—will be like half-starved lambs wandering over a bare-worn common, looking in vain for food, when you might have them, like the family of Jesus, feeding on *the words of eternal life.*"

In the year 1846 he had delivered five carefully prepared lectures, addressed to females, on the improvement of the mind, but these he never published. At his Thursday Lectures, he very frequently went regularly through some portion of

Holy Scripture. These Lectures were greatly valued by many of the regular members of the congregation who had leisure to attend on week-days. To individuals who sought counsel and advice he was ever ready to listen, and to give such instruction as he deemed suitable to their particular case, as the following extracts from a letter, written to a young person in a distressed state of mind, will show:—

"*April* 15*th*, 1857.

"My Very Dear ——

"I was very anxious to see some mark of grace in you, which I think I now see. Your state of mind shows that God's Spirit is working in you. If you were dead in sin, you would not be so anxious about salvation. The Holy Spirit extremely often deals with those whom He afterwards brings to peace and joy, as He is, I trust, now dealing with you. I have often conversed with persons in your state mind. To feel our sinful and dangerous state is the first step towards life and salvation. Pray to God, as your Father, to give you light and strength for His Son's sake. 'He delighteth in mercy.' Jesus died for *you*. He is as willing to receive you as anyone else. The *lost* He came to *save*. Do not be discouraged. Nature and flesh work hard against grace and spirit; but think on of sin and salvation—of sin in yourself, of salvation in Jesus. Offer up short

prayers, from time to time, to your Father in heaven, to Jesus at the right hand, and to the Holy Spirit with you. No created mind can set limits to God's mercy and grace, so great are they. (John vi. 37.) Jesus is more willing to receive you and wash you and save you than all your earthly friends are to do you earthly good. Now the flesh, and the world, and the devil try to keep you away from Jesus; and they are very powerful: but God the Holy Spirit is more powerful. Ask Him and for Him to incline you and strengthen you to come to Jesus. Think of His promise, His invitations. Think of His life and His death. Read hymns that speak of Jesus; read xiv., xv., xvi. of John; i., ii. of Ephesians: darkness first, then twilight, then daylight, then the sunrise. 'All manner of of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men.' What need you fear then if you only call on Jesus? (Rom. x. 12, 13.) Great spiritual difficulty and spiritual distress are very often followed by spiritual comfort and usefulness, which I hope and pray may be your case. You will be always most welcome to write to me. . . . . God is certainly working in you. Ask Him to complete and finish the work of conviction till it end in complete conversion and comfort. Strive against nature, in God's strength, to read His Word, to regard His Day, to call on His Name, and to depend on His Son, the Lord Jesus.

"The Lord bless you and guide you. The Lord cause His face to shine on you.

"My very dear ——."

He published many sermons, generally giving to each an expressive title, as, for instance, "Lights in the World," "Good to be Done, and who should do it," "The Way of Escape," "Good News for the Poor," and many others, some of them addressed to particular classes. He wished to have these sermons to give, as he often did, in visiting from house to house. There is a considerable difference, in point of style, between these Sermons published by himself, and his Sermons published, as reported, without correction. The corrections which he made, when he printed anything, were many; he would correct over and over again, and found it very difficult to satisfy himself. The care which he took in preparing these sermons for the press shows that he was aware that many faults could be found with the style of his spoken sermons regarded as literary compositions; but his belief was, and the experience of many bears it out, that cultivating and making use of the talent of speech which God had given him, was the way most likely to reach the conscience and touch the hearts of those who heard. One of the rules of speaking which he laid down for himself, was always to do his best, and this he often sought to impress

on young men. He spoke to his audience, not for them. He had always a contempt for that style of speaking that consists in a display of learning, calculated to astonish the hearers rather than to persuade them; and he never attained to the modern oratorical artifice of speaking to the reporters. He spoke to the people present. He never desired that what he said should be above their comprehension. He desired to convince them, to persuade them, to move them; and I am well aware that this principle, on which he always acted, was one of the causes that it was often supposed in his lifetime, that he himself read and thought less than he really did; and many who could sometimes criticise severely the weak points of his rushing oratory, were little aware of the wide range of his reading, and of the accuracy of his scholarship. His sermons were spoken to be heard, with a view to convince and influence those present; and the fact, that he always kept this in view, endeavouring to realise the importance of the opportunity which he then had, gave a a life, a reality, an intensity to his sermons, which is often wanting in carefully-written addresses.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SINNER VANQUISHED, AND THE SAINT VICTORIOUS.

On Jan. 2, 1853, he preached the following sermon, and published it under the title of "The Sinner Vanquished and the Saint Victorious." I insert it here as one of the memorials of his life. It illustrates some of the characteristics of his preaching which I have endeavoured elsewhere to describe.

"But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. xv. 57.

"These words, my brethren, are weighty. They are worthy of your solemn attention. They seem to be well suited for consideration on such a day as this, when so many of the *regular* congregation are met together for Divine worship, for the first time, in the new year. I hope you will take a particular note of these words, and if spared through the year that you will, from time to time, refer to them, and seek, by God's blessing, to draw from them the instruction and comfort with which they are fraught. The substance of what I have to say on these words

may be thus expressed: *the sinner vanquished and the saint victorious.* Victory implies defeat, and defeat implies victory. Wherever there is the one, there must be the other. Either supposes that there were two parties in hostile opposition, which put forth their might against each other, and that the conflict ended in the overthrow of the one, and the triumph of the other. The words of the text not only direct your attention to two parties engaged in battle, but declare also that one is certainly conquering, and the other as certainly undergoing defeat. What concern, you may say, have we in such conflict and in such conclusion? Much, my brethren, every way. Every man, woman, and child in this congregation is deeply concerned in this conflict, and should understand its nature and the issue thereof. Because each person present is either a sinner or a saint, and therefore will succeed or must succumb. Every saint is a sinner, but every sinner is not a saint. We shall see presently the difference between them, and the cause of it. All you whom I address, who are sinners and not saints, have opponents and enemies, and they will prevail against you, and bring upon you everlasting ruin, if you continue as you are; your own strength is vain against such foes, though you fight them, you will fail and fall in the conflict, and then trouble and anguish beyond the power of imagination to depict, or tongue of man to tell, will

be the result. You who are saints will succeed, for you will be succoured from on high—'You will be more than conquerors through him that loved you.' 'Be not afraid, nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God's.' Therefore, 'Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe His prophets, so shall ye prosper.'

"These views of the evil of sin, and the value of a Saviour, of the safety of the saints, and of the danger of sinners, have been forcibly impressed upon my mind during the last fortnight, in successive visits which I made to a young man who was dying. His sun had reached its meridian, but it has gone down suddenly, and will shine amongst us here no more at all for ever. His manly mind was matured, and many honours had he well worked for in our University, and worthily won; but the awful summons came—'Thy soul is required of thee, now shalt thou die.' He told me that when death was first announced as certainly approaching, his mind was filled with the most terrible apprehension of three things. He could not master them, he could not get rid of the thoughts of them, and he could not allay the alarm which they raised. On asking him what the three things were, with a solemn look and almost sepulchral tone of voice, he replied—'*Death*, and *the grave*, and *the judgment*.' I tried to soothe and to

solace his mind with the consolations of the Gospel; but my efforts entirely failed. The next day I called; with the same solemn expression of countenance and deep voice, he spoke of his dread of '*death*, and the *grave*, and the *judgment*.' He said 'he could not fortify himself against them; he could not think of them without terror, and that he could think of almost nothing else.'

"My dear brethren, when these three things are vividly presented to the mind in the prospect of eternity, it is a mighty power be assured—it is an influence more than mortal—that can disrobe them of their terrors, and give the mind, in the contemplation of them, tranquillity and repose. 'It is appointed unto men once to die, and after death the judgment;' and the grave is but the sequel of death. You and I, my brethren, ere long, will die, and be entombed, and be judged. When we consider death, 'the king of terrors,' and look into the grave, the abode of corruption and the worm, and look forward to the judgment in all its solemnities, we may well ask, What unpardoned sinner, in his calm moments, can survey, without dread, their terrible approach? When laid in the grave, 'an angel's arm can't snatch him from it;' and when called to the judgment, 'legions of angels can't confine him there.' As he looks back from the bed of death, sin pursues him; as he looks forward to the judgment, condemnation

awaits him. It is only by looking to Jesus that he can hope to die in peace; for it is only by looking to Him that he can be saved from sin, and stand uncondemned at the judgment. I am happy to be able to say, that the young man to whom I alluded, *did* look to Him before he departed. His mind, during a great part of his illness, had been dark and doubting, and his heart depressed almost to despair; but, ere the dark night set in, the sun burst forth, and light came down, and comfort came in. In the evening of the last day of his earthly career, when I thought that nature was worn out, and that I had better say no more, he raised himself up in the bed, and collecting all his little remaining strength, he called aloud on me by name, and said, in the clearest and most forcible language—'I have, I have a trust for salvation in the Lord Jesus that nothing can shake; my reason says I do not trust aright.' I said reason in *that* is wrong. He said—'It *must* be wrong, for I have such a confidence in the Lord as nothing can disturb.' He expressed his distrust of himself several times, in several ways, and his reliance on the Saviour, till he could say no more, and then exhausted nature sunk down to repose; but thanks be to God for Jesus Christ, I can hope and trust that his spirit is with the Lord, for it is written, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;' and also, 'Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.'

"My dear brethren, we are formed for intercourse with our fellow-men here; we are adapted for occupation in this earthly scene; we are suited not only to its pleasing pursuits, but also for its anxious cares. It is an extreme violence to our nature to be separated from life—we shrink from death—we cannot think of it without a chill; life we love, and would not willingly part with—

> 'For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
> This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?'

"How terrible is the ravage which death makes! how solemn a spectacle does it exhibit! We see the strongest frame prostrated in the dust, the eye without lustre, the mouth without expression, the wrist without a pulse, the temple without a throb, and the bosom without a beat. We speak, but there is none to hear; we ask, and there is none to reply. The well-known form of the fondest friend, or dearest relative, is cold and dull as the clod of the valley. You have read, I suppose, in history of the eastern warrior, the hero of a hundred fights, who, during his fatal illness, ordered his winding-sheet to be carried as a standard through every street of Damascus, while a crier went before the person who bore the ensign of mortality, and proclaimed, with a loud

voice, 'This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin, the conqueror of the East;' and all that shall remain to anyone, citizen or soldier, rich or poor, whether depressed by care, or exalted by conquest, will be—

'The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep, damp vault, the darkness, and the worm.'

What vanity does this write upon all our mere earthly pursuits and earthly pleasures. Our speculations will be ended, and all our ambition will have been bridled, when the words, 'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' are spoken over our mortal remains.

'How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom forgot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.'

"You may have read of the ancient monarch who mustered his thousands, and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, and millions, when about to invade the liberties of Greece. The multitudinous hosts were spread out before him, both on sea and land; he ascended a stately edifice of white stone, and, surveying his fleet and land forces, he deemed himself for a while the mightiest and happiest of mortals; but his joy was suddenly turned into grief,

and he burst into a flood of tears. On being asked by his minister why he passed from excess of joy to such grief, he answered, 'that considering the shortness of human life, he could not refrain his tears; for of all these vast numbers of men, not one,' said he, 'will be alive a hundred years hence.'

"My brethren, after a few short years, these eyes of ours will be sealed in death, and these beating hearts be still; this pulpit, these pews, and these aisles, will be occupied by other preachers and other people; our houses will be untenanted by us; our streets will be crowded with a new and another busy and bustling population; and we ourselves, as regards this world, will be as though we had never been. We shall have stood at the bar of our God, and given in our accounts, and be fixed by Him in everlasting weal or in never-ending woe. It is the apprehension we have, the instinctive horror which we feel, of something beyond the grave, that makes death disagreeable, the grave gloomy, and judgment and eternity the objects of dread. But should this be so? The truth declares that death has a sting, and that sin has strength from the law; it implies that judgment will discover sin, and vindicate the law, by appointing punishment for the wicked, and reward for the righteous. Sin gives to death its sting, and to judgment its terror; but all have sinned, and therefore all are liable to punishment.

"What a scene will the judgment present to you. You will see your God in grandeur and terrible majesty coming to judge the earth. There will be a shaking and heaving in the earth and in the ocean, in the mountain and in the vale, in the villages and in the towns, in the cities and in the solitudes, and over all the earth; the bodies consigned to the earth, or entombed in the ocean, will be quickened for the judgment; all the vast myriads of the race of man, instinct with life, will move forward to the judgment, just as duly as the waves of the sea bend before the rushing winds, and all will submit their thoughts, and words, and works for judgment to the God of all the earth. Those who have not glorified Him by observing His law, or embracing His Gospel, will be cast, bound hand and foot, into outer darkness—

> 'There to converse with everlasting groans,
> Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
> Ages of hopeless end.'

'Who can dwell with the devouring fire—who can lie down in everlasting burnings?' What can be worse than to be in darkness for ever, in sorrow for ever, in suffering for ever? What can be more dreadful than to be banished, imprisoned, and punished for ever? What more terrible than to be in helpless, hopeless, endless misery? The fear of this makes death alarming, the grave gloomy,

and judgment terrible to man. My brethren, if you die in sin, it will be your destruction; for then you must go away from light and life, and enter into darkness and death. But are we not all born in sin? and have we not all sinned? Yes. How, then, can we be otherwise than appalled and overwhelmed at the thought of death? How can we look into the grave, and not shudder? or look forward to the judgment, and not tremble? We can, blessed be God, do all this through Jesus, and possess our souls in peace, and look forward to a coming eternity, with high heart and hope. If only we trust in Jesus, who loved us, and gave Himself for us, we shall be conquerors, and more than conquerors, over them all.

"I once asked a very humble man, but a man who rested on Jesus for salvation, 'Are you afraid to die?' He replied, 'Afraid to die, sir? No, sir; death hath no terrors for me; death will be the gate to admit me into heaven; death will be my birthday in the palace of glory.' Was this not presumption in this man? was he not a sinner? It was no presumption in him; he was a sinner, but he was also a saint; he had the Holy Spirit; he knew himself to be a lost sinner, but he knew Jesus to be an all-sufficient Saviour; he knew that he deserved the penalty of death for sin, but he also knew that Jesus had paid the penalty for him; he knew that his

iniquities were many, but he knew that God had laid on Jesus the iniquities of us all; he knew that 'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities;' he knew that He once 'suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.' May we all know these great truths, and rely for pardon and acceptance on the merits and sufferings of Jesus, our great substitute, 'who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification.'

"Some of you may have read a little poem in one of our English classics; its author was a great master of the English language, but was, unhappily, in the early part of his life, sceptical; he doubted the truth of the Christian religion. He described in exquisite lines some beautiful scenes in nature, and closed each verse with desponding thoughts, intimating that plants and flowers would revive in spring, but man never:—

'Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save;
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn,
Oh! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?'

"After the lapse of a few years, God was pleased to visit his mind with light, and his heart with comfort; he then took up his pen, and added these words to the poem:—

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
Oh pity, great Father of Lights, then I cried,
Thy creature, who would fain not wander from thee;
Lo! humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt, and from darkness, Thou only canst free.

'And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I rove in conjecture forlorn;
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom;
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

"With respect to man, all, in his view, was once dark and dismal. While he was in a state of nature, this life was everything, bright and beautiful, clouds and darkness rested on eternity; but when the Gospel came home in power to his heart, all was light, and joy, and expectation; God was his Father, heaven his home, and boundless eternity the hour of his enjoyment. So it is with every unconverted sinner. When he looks at death, it is terrible; at the grave, it is melancholy; at the judgment, it is terrific; but when he is enlightened by the Spirit of God, and looks to Jesus, and rests on Him, he knows that death will only cut the tie that binds him to

this dreary scene, and that then he will walk high in salvation and the climes of bliss; that he will range through fields where joy for ever dwells, and 'that death will have no more dominion over him.' To unconverted sinners, all connected with judgment is gloomy; and beyond it hangs a black, a starless, and a melancholy midnight; not one ray of hope will tremble through the dark and terrible abyss. How may such have a bright, a happy prospect? how can they conquer death and the grave? how shall mortal men be just with God? If He enter into judgment with them, and mark their iniquity, must they not be cast? How can they meet Death with his sting, the grave with its corruption, and judgment with its terrors.

'When God's right arm is bared for war,
And thunders clothe His cloudy car,
Where, where, O where, shall man retire,
To escape the horrors of His ire?
'Tis He, the Lamb, to Him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by;
God sees his Well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hiding-place.'

This well-beloved One visited our world, and took our nature upon Him; He entered into conflict with our deadly foes, and came off victorious; He bore our sins; He encountered death for us; He entered the grave, and rose triumphant from it. He, the

surety, the substitute, the victorious captain of our salvation, will hereafter be our judge. Through Him, by His life and by His death, by His merits and by His sufferings, we can get the victory over every foe; we can get rid of sin, and answer the demands of justice, not through our own goodness, but through His grace. It is written in Hosea, 'O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction.' We see from this that our help cometh from the Lord; our hope of victory cometh down from on high. Our Lord says to Martha, 'I am the resurrection'—there is the grave conquered—'and the life'—there is death down—'he that believeth in me, though he were dead'—though he have died—though he should die—though he be cold and callous, broken and ground down to dust—'yet,' nevertheless and notwithstanding all this, 'shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die'—shall not die eternally; he will rise up from the grave, and be endued with undecaying vigour and immortal bloom, with every capacity necessary for immortal action, and for purest joy. This shall be true not only of every patriarch, prophet, apostle, and martyr, but of the weakest child of dust, who has put, or shall put, his trust, for life and salvation, in Jesus Christ our Lord, and in Him alone.

"Salvation is so simple, my brethren, that many do not understan dit; they think it must be some-

thing very difficult of attainment. But not so; it is easily attained; it is *gratuitous*—it is the *gratuity* of Heaven. Just as at this season, many of you, to whom God has given abundance, who may *have* poor relations, or neighbours, or acquaintances, whom, perhaps, you had known in better days, will send them, of your own spontaneous kindness, of your own free-will, food or raiment, or money, *not* for *their* merits, but from your own good-will. So the 'King of kings, and Lord of lords,' the magnificent and munificent Sovereign of the universe, saw man's need, his corruption, and his guilt, and then of His own loving-kindness gave His Son to die, and His Spirit to come down; and by the work of the Son and the influence of the Spirit, man's condition, when he trusts in Jesus, is changed from condemnation to salvation, from the death of sin to the life of righteousness; thus it is that man becomes a child of God, and an heir of everlasting life. Now, my brethren, mark well what God has wrought for you that have trusted in Jesus. He says, 'He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.' 'He that spared not His own Son,' says Paul, 'but delivered Him up for us all.' What has the Son wrought? 'He loved you, and gave Himself for you.' We know not what more God could do for you. He has wrought for you salvation, full, free, and everlasting. He *hath* wrought this *for* you in

the life of Jesus; He hath wrought it for you in the death of Jesus; see Him on the cross—see His burial—see His resurrection—see His ascension—see His intercession—see the descent of the Spirit—hear the sweet sound of the Gospel, and learn the depth of His love. Consider the position which you now occupy—on a day of grace, in a place of grace, you hear the glorious Gospel of the grace of God.

But what hath God wrought *in* you? Hath He wrought *faith* in you? Hath He wrought *hope* in you? Hath He wrought light in your mind—love in your heart—life in your soul—allegiance to the King of kings—a filial spirit to your great Father—loyalty and love to Jesus, the Captain of your salvation, and the author of eternal life to them that obey Him? If you have faith *in* the Son of God, and hope *through* the Son of God, and love *to* the Son of God, you have nothing to fear. It is true you *will die*, but you will come to life again; it is true you will be buried, but you will rise to the 'life immortal'—you will rise incorruptible, glorious, immortal, spiritual; for 'Heaven's eternal spring shall yet arrive, and man's immortal beauty bloom again.' The man who is in Christ, who has the Spirit, has nought to fear from death, the grave, and judgment. Though the earth shall yawn, and the dead stand forth—though the heavens shall cleave asunder, and the great white throne descend—though the books

shall be opened, and all hearts made bare, though all desires shall be made known, and all secrets revealed, 'yet *who* shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died.' The *Judge* and the *Saviour* are one and the same. He is *now* the Saviour, He will *then* be the Judge. You will be able to say to Him in that day, Lord, Thou didst say, 'Look unto me, and be ye saved;' Lord, I *did* look unto Thee, therefore now save me. Thou didst say, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest;' 'Lord, I came, now give me rest.' Then, will He say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"Come, my brethren, therefore, to Jesus, and you will have nought to fear This is the way to get the victory, and obtain the triumph; and what a glorious triumph this will be! By-and-by there will be no death, nor grave, nor judgment, there will be no sin to dishonour God and to corrupt us; but holiness will be stereotyped in us for eternity—the image of God will be engrained in our very nature, and His favour, which is better than life, will be secured to us for ever and ever. Is not this the language of the text—'But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Would you not suppose that *death*, the *grave*, a *sting*, *strength*, the *law*, would overpower a weak man? Look at

the word in the beginning of the text—'But;' it is as if Paul had said, *notwithstanding death*—that terrific thing—notwithstanding the grave, with its mighty victory, which has swallowed down whole hosts of men, making earth almost one vast sepulchre, notwithstanding death, with its terrible dart and poisonous sting, with a powerful law to sustain them, and judgment in the distance to ascertain guilt and appoint punishment, I do not tremble—notwithstanding all this dread array, I am not afraid—nay, I feel thankful to God—I shall prevail, for the victory is sure, it comes down *from* God *through* Jesus, through whose merits I am accepted—through whose sufferings I am pardoned—by whose Spirit I am renewed—by whose advocacy I am heard in Heaven—in Jesus and through Jesus I have victory over death, the grave, and judgment, and through Him I shall have an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom.

"Well, brethren, do you not feel some ambition within you to have a similar victory? I met a soldier once who told me that he was unhappy at having been late for a battle, where he might have fallen, and could not be certain of victory. He hoped, of course, that he would not fall in the field, but come out victorious, and thus have a share of the glory and triumph. Oh! a pleasant thing, my brethren, will it be to look at death overcome, to look into the

grave, and see it rifled, to consider the body what it was, and see what it is at the resurrection, like the glorious body of the Son of God—and pleasant it will be to stand before the Judge, and gaze on Him, as my *brother*, my friend, my righteousness, my advocate, my light, my life, and my salvation—to see sorrow and sighing fleeing away, sickness, and pain, and death on the wing, never, never more to return—then shall we be allowed to call God our Father, His glorious Heaven our home, its happy inhabitants our friends and our companions for ever and ever. 'Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Now, *saint*, if God hath wrought these *means* of victory *for* you, and hath wrought *in* you, that are His believing people, the links that connect you with that victory—namely, faith, and hope, and love; if He is working such great things in you, and has wrought such great things for you, *what* ought *you* to work for Him? 'What shall I render unto the Lord,' says the Psalmist, 'for all His benefits towards me?' 'All' in Creation, Providence, Redemption! What does he say? What is the answer he gives? 'I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.' That is all that we can do; the Lord gives *us* everything; we can give Him nothing but *thanks*. Now, make a distinction, my brethren, between thanks and gratitude. Gratitude

is in the heart; but thanks are the swelling of the waters within, the gushing out of the stream, the bursting of the barrier, proclaiming that the fountain of the soul is full. Therefore, let tongues be tuned in thanks to God, in praise of God; let tongues speak *for* God, and in praise of God. 'But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Do not be ashamed to say that you have faith and hope, *if* you have them. If you fear not death, but are saved from it, give *God* the glory, take it not to yourselves. 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the praise.'

"My brethren, ought not our gratitude be great, and the expression of it clear and strong in all cases, in proportion to the greatness of the good that we receive, the disinterestedness of the kindness from which we receive it, and the greatness of the cost at which we receive it? Strike out one of these grounds of gratitude if you can. If, then, this be a right way of viewing the subject, I ask, *what limit* ought to be assigned to the amount of gratitude which you should feel towards God for the victory which He gives you through Jesus over death, the grave, and judgment? What mind of angel can conceive, or archangel depict, the magnitude of the good that immortal beings receive who are rescued for eternity from death, the grave, and the judgment,

and introduced into the everlasting kingdom of our Saviour and our God. Who can set a limit to the height of the grandeur to which they shall be raised, to the riches of the glory which *they* shall receive who are 'heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ;' and does not all that good proceed from *disinterested* kindness? Did God stand in need of you? If this earth were swept away, and all its teeming population, it would make no more void in the territories of our God, than one leaf would in a mighty forest. God is entirely independent of us, though we are altogether dependent upon Him. His gift of Jesus for us was spontaneous and gratuitous; His gift of the Spirit equally so; pardon, acceptance, meetness for heaven, the enjoyment of God—all, all these are likewise free. But there was a sacrifice necessary to secure forgiveness. It could not be given without one. Would it be sufficient to sacrifice one man for another? No; such a sacrifice would be finite. Would it suffice to sacrifice the whole animal creation? No; one man is of more consequence than the whole animal creation together. Would the whole material universe be a sufficient sacrifice for one man? No, brethren; one solitary soul, one immortal mind, has in it more intrinsic worth, more greatness, more grandeur, than the whole material universe. It, in all its extent, cannot send out one single thought, or cherish one solitary feeling. If

the orbs of heaven were to combine and descend with all their ponderousness on the poorest, meanest sinner, they could not crush one thought, or smother one feeling, imbedded in his nature; after all, he would think as before, and feel as before. My brethren, an angel, an archangel, all the principalities and powers of heaven, could not suffice for a sacrifice for sin; *none but Jesus*, God's only begotten—'God manifest in the flesh'—could be sufficient. *He*, the 'King of kings and Lord of lords,' 'the King eternal, immortal, invisible,' is the only one that could bring in everlasting righteousness, and furnish an obedience commensurate to the demands of the law, and an atonement adequate to the removal of man's guilt. *He* came down—oh, what a stoop!—from the throne of heaven to the manger of Bethlehem; from the sceptre of universal dominion, to the reed in Pilate's hall; from the diadem of the universe, to the crown of thorns on His bleeding brow; from the homage of all the hierarchies of heaven, to the derision and mockery of 'Hail, King of the Jews!' *Here* is an opening made for us through Jesus into heaven, let us enter by it; *here* is the sacrifice, let us rely on it, and be safe. 'Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!' May our hearts be expanded to love Him; may our tongues be tuned to praise Him; may God come down in quickening

influence and strengthening power on us, that we may serve Him; may we work in His service while it is day, 'for the night cometh when no man can work.'

"Methinks I can see—with a little effort of imagination, I can picture to myself the morning, perhaps a damp and chilly morning—when some few cordial friends or kindly neighbours shall draw nigh to the place where your dwelling or mine shall be; then will appear, slowly advancing, the mournful vehicle that is to convey all that is mortal of *you* or of *me* to the grave. Then may some fond friend or neighbour drop an affectionate, a friendly tear, as he looks into the narrow house of clay into which the body will descend. It may be my case, it may be yours, ere the year come to its close. Have I not myself, in the past year, seen the little babe, the once ruddy-cheeked boy, and the gentle maiden, stretched pale and cold in the coffin; the stripling youth also, and the full-grown man, have departed from amongst us; have we not all known the veteran warrior* of world-wide fame meet the common lot of all, and go down to the grave, amid the tears of millions, when—

'The flag was hoisted half-mast high,
A mournful signal on the main,
Seen only when the illustrious die,
Or are in glorious battle slain.'

* The Duke of Wellington died, 14th September, 1852.

He, the foremost man of all the world, is gone. For the rich and the poor, the prince and the peasant, the monarch and the beggar, meet all together in the grave. In the final judgment, the king without his crown, the beggar without his poverty, and the warrior without his sword, will give an 'account of the deeds done in the body.' Brethren, let us *think of these things*, and may God sanctify the consideration of them to us all. We are beginning another year; it cannot be but that *some one* in this congregation will die before the year shall close. Brethren, lay this to heart; let each say, 'Lord, *is it I?*' *It may be* a wife, husband, father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister—any of *you* may die this year, and be buried, and be judged; and *if* you *die in sin*, you *cannot* enter Heaven; if you die *in Jesus*, you cannot *but* enter. Oh! come to Jesus! I invite you to come; *come*, and you will have nothing to fear, the victory will be yours. If God give you the victory, you should give Him the thanks; if He has earned for you the triumph, you should render to Him the glory. May God open our minds to understand this subject—may He open our hearts to attend to the truth—may He bend our wills to choose the good part—and may He give us grace, that we may give Him the glory, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SATURDAY CLASS—THE LADIES' CLASS—QUESTIONS.

The pulpit of Trinity Church was, as I have said, the centre from which many good works sprang. The preacher was a teacher in the pulpit; but not only there, for while he had the aid of many faithful workers in various departments, he was always at work himself, not only as a pastor, going from house to house, but in his various classes, where he delighted in giving catechetical instruction.

His Saturday Class for Children was very largely attended. He held it regularly for many years; and, no doubt, there are many who still have a lively recollection of his mode of teaching, and remember how he kept up the interest and attention of the large number of children who gathered in the Lecture Room, as he used to walk up and down the platform of the raised seat by the wall, putting a question now to those in front—now suddenly calling on those at a distance, asking questions, short and direct: sometimes easy, and suggesting the answer

he wished for; sometimes difficult, and calculated to encourage thought.

The attention of the children was thus kept up, and it was a pleasure to attend the Class, while many learned to understand what they would have otherwise had a very indistinct knowledge of; principles found a place in their minds, which, perhaps, to-day are bearing fruit.

Another Class to which he gave constant attention was his Ladies' Class, held on Wednesdays, and for which some of those who attended it made very careful preparation. In the instruction of this Class, he did not confine himself to Scriptural subjects, for he thought it of great importance to encourage habits of reading and literary tastes among the members of his class, many of whom had considerable leisure, and he was ever anxious to give them all an interest in things higher and better than the details of every-day life, while many followed his instructions with zeal and real interest. Lord Bacon's Essays, Sir Joshua Reynolds' Lectures on Painting, Reid's Lectures on English Literature, and the writings of the great English Poets, often in turn formed the subject of his teaching for a part of the time each day.

In the year 1852, he addressed the following letter to the members of his adult classes, and with it printed the questions which follow. The answering

of these questions was an object of great interest, especially in his Ladies' Class. They illustrate the nature of his own reading, and the way in which he sought to lead others on to study, as well as to make all his reading contribute to edification and improvement. He afterwards published a second series, and went through them with his classes in the same way as he did with those that follow:—

"Dear Friends,

"I request that you will *consider* the following questions before you try to answer them. Unless you *correctly understand* a question, you cannot give a *correct answer*. You will not *understand* these questions if you will not weigh them, and you will not weigh them *aright*, if you will not *carefully examine the meaning of the words* in which they are put. The questions mean what the words express. I hope your answers will express *exactly* what you will *mean*, and that you will *mean* exactly what you will *express*, and that what you will express will contain the answers to *these questions*, and to these *only*. When you shall have considered the questions, and ascertained their meaning, you will be able to answer some of them without *help*, if you will *think;* others of them by *books*, if you will *read;* and the remainder by *conversation* with *persons* who have already *both thought and read*. Thinking, reading,

and conversation, when they are employed upon *important subjects*, contribute much to the improvement of our minds. As it is probable that we think in words, and cannot think without them, a proper study of words, and a correct use of them, will help us not only to *write* and *speak* intelligibly and agreeably, but also to *reason* well. The subjects to which the questions refer, though not all directly *religious*, are all *useful*, and will therefore afford *profitable occupation* for thoughtful and religious minds. I recommend you not only to think, and read, and converse on the topics referred to, but also to put down in writing the result of your *labour*. Try to answer the questions *fully* in *proper* words, and try to put the words in proper *places*. Do not think your work is done till you have done *thus*, and when it *is* done, do not *overdo* it by doing *more*. Learn *how far* to go, and *where* to stop. I will give you a reasonable time for doing all that I recommend, and I will then endeavour, in the classes, to ascertain what you have done. If I shall find this mode of instruction likely to be useful, I hope to be able to frame other questions on these and on kindred subjects, for our mutual good.

"I am yours faithfully,

"JOHN GREGG.

"LOWER GARDINER-STREET,
"*January*, 1852."

QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT is the meaning of saying *common* honesty, when *honesty* is *not* common?

2. What is the meaning of saying *good common sense*, when *good sense* is *not* common?

3. What is taste?

4. What is genius? What is *a genius?*

5. Whether is *taste* or *genius* more *independent* of art?

6. Whether is it a greater loss to society, that there should be a *great* man without a great occasion, or a *great occasion* without a great man?

7. Why are great men *uneasy till* there are great occasions, and *easy in* great occasions?

8. Whether is it better to be well, fearing to be ill, or to be ill, hoping to be well?

9. Whether is it better to be envied or to be pitied?

10. Since it is pleasant to feel grateful, why is gratitude burdensome?

11. Whether is happier, a fool thinking well of himself, or a wise man thinking that others think well of him?

12. When we see imperfection in every one, why do we value the good opinion of every one?

13. Whether of the two will sooner give advice and take it, a wise man or a fool?

14. How is opinion the queen of the world ?

15. What is most likely to keep a man from knowledge and wisdom ?

16. Why do persons who act foolishly think themselves wise ?

17. What is the difference between being learned and being wise ?

18. How can we fix on present things, the minds of those who think too much of past or future things ?

19. What passion soonest and oftenest turns the brain ?

20. What is the passion planted in us for our own good ?

21. What two passions pain us most ?

22. What is the passion planted in us for the good of others ?

23. What is the passion planted in us that prompts us to great actions ?

24. What country produced, in the shortest space of time, the greatest *number* of great men ?

25. Why will some persons be annoyed if not listened to, and much embarrassed if *plainly told* that they *will* be listened to ?

26. What is the difference between *great* men and great *men ?*

27. What are the three good things beginning with the letter M, which a good speaker must possess ?

28. When people are so willing to hear their own voices, why are they so much frightened when others hear them?

29. What did Demosthenes say was the first, the second, and the third requisite of an orator?

30. What did he *mean by what he said?*

31. What is the best preparation for writing well?

32. Why are we more affected by what we hear than what we read?

33. Why should not a speaker, in commencing his speech, promise to enlighten and inform his hearers?

34. Why are public men, in high place, frequently bemoaning their troubles, and affecting to long for private life?

35. Whether are men happier in the pursuit of power, or in the possession of it.

36. Why do young people look forward to manhood, and old people look backward to youth?

37. Why do children like to be thought older, and old people to be thought younger than they are?

38. How do grief and joy show that men were intended for society?

39. Why do we like sympathy more than pity?

40. What are the three good things that make good conversation?

41. Why are great *talkers* like misers?

42. When will the objects of taste give most enjoyment?

43. Which are the Fine Arts ?

44. What is the standard of Taste ?

45. Whether is a fine taste from nature or art ?

46. What is the aim of Oratory ?

47. What is the aim of Poetry ?

48. Why are there fewer great Orators than great Poets ?

49. Why are we more pleased with imitation than imitators ?

50. What is the difference between mimicry and imitation ?

51. Why do people *like* and *dislike* mimics ?

52. Whether are more disagreeable, very silent or very talkative persons ?

53. Why is originality in persons or books universally agreeable ?

54. Why is fame like a river ?

55. Why are riches the baggage of virtue ?

56. What is the difference between simulation and dissimulation ?

57. Why did not God work miracles to prove His own existence ?

58. Why are not miracles necessary now ?

59. Why did God work miracles at the commencement of Christianity ?

60. What is the substitute we have for miracles ?

61. What means have *we* of knowing the Divine origin of Christianity, which the Christians of the second century had not ?

62. Whether favours Religion more, wisdom or learning?

63. Whether is it easier to be learned or to be wise?

64. Whether is learning or wisdom more pursued, and why?

65. What provision has God made for the poor?

66. How are habits formed?

67. What is the meaning of Ulysses preferring his old woman to immortality?

68. Who were the great Generals of antiquity who were also great Scholars?

69. Who were the great Scholars who were also great Generals?

70. What had Æsop been who composed the Fables?

71. What is the meaning of the fable of Orpheus?

72. What instruction should a speaker or writer receive from the fable of the Jackdaw in borrowed feathers?

73. When Solon was asked whether he had given the people the best laws, what did he answer?

74. What is the meaning of the fable, that when the gods wanted to bind Jupiter, he called in Briareus with his hundred hands?

75. Of what use was searching for the Philosopher's Stone?

76. Who was the Pope in Philosophy?

77. Who was the great Reformer of Philosophy? How did he reform it?

78. What is the way to be a true Philosopher?

79. What is the way to be a true Theologian?

80. Whether do more mischief, those abandoned to vice, or those who are half good and half evil?

81. Whether does more mischief, a corrupt religion or irreligion?

82. What did the Saviour appeal to in reasoning with the Jews?

83. What does the Roman Catholic Church chiefly appeal to?

84. What is the greatest effect that we read of in history, as having been produced by *one word?*

85. What is the difference between the pleasure derived from knowledge and any other pleasure?

86. How are letters like ships?

87. What were the discoveries of the middle ages that changed society?

88. What are the discoveries of modern times that are likely to change society?

89. What are antiquities?

90. Why is the word *divine* put before the word *poetry?*

91. What homage does poetry do to the greatness of man?

92. What are the characteristics of Virgil's poetry?

93. What of Homer's?

94. What of Milton's ?

95. What of Shakespeare's ?

96. Who was the greatest Philosopher England produced ?

97. Who was the greatest Poet ?

98. Who the greatest Orator ?

99. In what did the Ancients excel the Moderns ?

100. In what do the Moderns excel the Ancients ?

101. Why do critics try to find out the defects of the Moderns, and the excellencies of the Ancients ?

102. Why does death extinguish envy ?

103. Why cannot two of a trade agree ?

104. Why do political and religious quarrels call out the *worst* passions ?

105. Why are strong minds most frequently governed by weak ones ?

106. By what means do weak minds obtain rule over strong ones ?

107. Why do cunning people always flatter ?

108. Why will persons perceive the least flattery of others, and not perceive gross flattery of themselves ?

109. Why do most people pretend to be richer than they *are*, and when asked for money pretend to be poorer ?

110. Why do not people like to get advice, when they do not ask it ?

111. Why do people like to *give* advice, when they don't like to *get* it ?

112. Whether is it easier to put a wise question, or to give a wise answer?

113. Why was a revelation given?

114. Why was it not made plainer?

115. Why is it not accompanied with stronger proof?

116. Why are the young so quick, and the aged so slow, to *confide*?

117. Whether would it be better for us to have clearer evidence of the truth of Christianity, and more difficulty in being Christians, or weaker evidence of its truth, with less difficulty in being Christians?

118. What is *the motive* that actuates the true Christian?

119. May a *true Christian* be actuated by self-love?

120. Can any sinner know that he is not elected, or that he will not be converted?

121. Can Christians know that they are elected, till they know that they are converted?

122. Ought they doubt their election, if they know their conversion?

123. What does the covenant of works require of man, in order that he may be blessed?

124. What does the covenant of grace require of man, in order that he may be blessed?

125. What is the Church of Rome's view of faith?

126. What is the right view?

127. Name the three most renowned buildings of the ancient world.

128. What was the most renowned temple of Greece?

129. What are the names of the two most memorable spots in Greece?

130. What are the two most memorable spots in England connected with religion?

131. What the two, connected with civil liberty?

132. What is the difference between the love of excellence, and the love of excelling?

133. Whether of the two leads surest to eminence?

134. How do men who imagine themselves *great*, and are *not considered* so, comfort themselves?

135. What is the difference between great *talkers*, and *great* talkers?

136. How is it that great talkers like good listeners, and good listeners do not like great talkers?

137. Whether is more distressing, to talk when wise persons are listening, or to listen when foolish persons are talking?

138. Why is it that persons who are great talkers, and who think that they talk well, do not like to be told that they are great talkers?

139. What is the motive very talkative persons have in talking?

140. By whom was the art of printing first introduced and practised in England?

141. How many of the Prophets in the Old Testament were called *preachers?*

142. What question did our Lord put, that could be answered, and was not answered?

143. How (according to Solomon) was "the King's heart like *the sands of the sea*"?

144. What are the three heavenly unities?

145. What do Roman Catholics mean by the word Priest?

146. What do Protestants mean by it?

147. Does *Catholic Faith* mean faith that *is* universal, or that *was*, or that *should be* so?

148. What is the Scriptural meaning of the word *Saint?*

149. What is the Roman Catholic meaning of it?

150. What is the difference between heretic and schismatic?

151. What is the difference between a fanatic and an enthusiast?

152. What is the difference between a hypocrite and an impostor?

153. What is the moral of Æsop's fly on the wheel?

154. What is the difference between a speaker borrowing from a book, and stealing from it?

155. What is the first and simplest emotion of the human mind?

156. What is the *language* that *every one* can *understand,* and *the book* that every one *can read?*

157. What does Solomon mean by saying, "He that praiseth his friend aloud, rising early, it shall be to him no better than a curse"?

158. What are the two main ingredients in the highest order of eloquence?

159. What is the first requisite for good *speaking* or good *writing?*

160. Why is a natural manner the most pleasing, the most beguiling, and the most effective?

161. Is a natural manner the effect of nature or art?

162. What is the source of the sublime, according to Edmund Burke?

163. What, according to Blair?

164. What is the sublime, according to Longinus?

165. Which of the poets of antiquity is most remarkable for sublimity?

166. Which for the tender, the delicate, and the pathetic?

167. Is the sublime in words or in thoughts?

168. What is the effect of an *effort* to be sublime?

169. What passion is provoked, if the effort be a failure?

170. Why is an affected manner disliked?

171. What does an effort to be continuously sublime, terminate in?

172. What is the sublimest saying in the book of Genesis?

173. What the most pathetic?

174. What is the most sublime saying in the Gospels?

175. What the most pathetic?

176. What is Addison's most sublime saying?

177. What is the most sublime passage in Demosthenes?

178. What in Cicero?

179. What is the characteristic of sublimity?

180. What is opposite to sublimity in speaking or writing?

181. What Book in the Bible has the most sublime sayings?

182. What is the difference between history and prophecy?

183. What is the most sublime saying of Cæsar?

184. What is the proudest saying of Alexander the Great?

185. What is the sublime answer of Porus to Alexander, which we have on record?

186. Which of the Psalms is most sublime?

187. Which is the sublimest passage in Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination"?

188. Which of the Ancients did he copy from in that passage?

189. What is the sublimest passage in the Book of Job?

190. What are the four sublimest inanimate objects in nature?

191. What animal and what bird give the feelings most akin to the sublime?

192. Whether is more frequent, the natural or the moral sublime, and whether of the two more affects us?

193. What are the three pleasures of the imagination, according to Addison?

194. How do you distinguish between Homer, Virgil, and Milton?

195. How between Demosthenes and Cicero?

196. Who founded the first libraries that we read of?

197. Did the Apostles submit their teaching to the test of reason and Scripture?

198. If they did, can you point out where?

199. Does the Church of Rome do so?

200. Did any doctrine of the Apostles contradict sense, reason, *or* Scripture?

201. What doctrine of the Church of Rome contradicts sense, reason, and Scripture?

202. Who were the three principal persons who attempted a Reformation in the Church before Luther?

203. What became of them, and why were their attempts abortive?

204. Has persecution helped or hindered the cause of truth?

205. What does the practice of the Church of Rome declare to be her opinion on that subject?

206. What is the best guardian, under God, of Civil Liberty?

207. What of Religious Liberty?

208. Who were the four illustrious prisoners set at liberty in Queen Elizabeth's time?

209. What two great rights did the Reformers vindicate?

210. How does the Church of Rome contradict herself, with respect to man's ability to judge in matters of faith, and to interpret the Scripture?

211. Which is the widest spread testimony to the truth of Christianity?

212. What is the authority and encouragement for Missions?

213. What is the proper *motive* for missionary effort?

214. What is the *hindrance* to missionary exertion?

215. What should *damp* the missionary spirit?

216. What should *bound* the missionary enterprise?

217. What is the *limit* to the missionary field?

218. What is the saying of our blessed Lord, recorded in the Acts, which is not recorded in the Gospels?

CHAPTER XIII.

J. W. WINSLOW—YOUNG MEN'S CLASS—LECTURE IN BELFAST ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF PROTESTANTS—LECTURE IN DUBLIN ON THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF YOUTH.

To do good to young men was, I may say, with my father a passion. To young men he often specially addressed himself. He entered freely into their difficulties, and, to his latest day, had a real sympathy with the efforts and aspirations of youth, and this, no doubt, was one great secret of his influence with them. He remembered the struggles of his own youth, and he sought to kindle the like spirit in the minds of others.

He occasionally, as I have said, addressed from the pulpit different classes, and on these occasions young men were not forgotten. The effect of these sermons is described in striking language in the journal of John Whitmore Winslow, at that time a student in Trinity College. He was a frequent attendant at Trinity Church, and at the Young Men's Class. He was a young man of great promise, but, very shortly afterwards, his early death, while bathing, called him

to the home above. His earnest piety, and the aspirations of a gentle nature, are pictured by his father, the Rev. Octavius Winslow, in a memoir, entitled, "Hidden Life."

"Sunday, February 17th, and February 24th, Sermon to 'men' and to 'young men,' by the Rev. John Gregg.

"May I remember these days! I have been lifted above myself—above the common natures of every-day life—the hacks among men—to contemplate the master-spirits of the world, the great, the holy men that lived in Palestine, Greece, Rome, England, and America; and lastly and chiefly, the one perfect Man—the type of men—the Son of God. In the preacher, in the man who exhorted, taking for his text 1 Cor. xvi. 13—'Quit you like men,' I saw and felt—suffused into myself—the spirit of a true man, a great man. Erect and bold he stood—fire in his eye—majesty in his form—divinity on his brow of thought—and living eloquence on his tongue. I could have wept with joy. I could have thundered with very admiration at this noblest work of God—a thinking, living, acting, speaking man. It was to men he spoke—a man to men—persuasion, exhortation, but above all, example. It must have fired the dullest, raised the meanest, energised the weakest, and inspired all with a hymn of praise—a gush of thanksgiving to Him who made

man—breathed into man—loved man. O God, I thank Thee! May I be one of such—walk, live, think, and act worthy of Thee and of them.

"From the last Sunday to this, I have almost lived upon his discourse to 'young men.' Text, Titus ii. 6—'Young men, exhort to be sober-minded'—sound of mind—healthy in principle—moderate in passion—discreet in action. It was the experience of one who had been a young man. He told his feelings then—his want of sympathy—his strength of passion—his struggle to rise—his difficulties and temptations; all this and more, in piercing language, touching the innermost soul, he uttered to hundreds of our college students. May I ever remember it!"

The Young Men's Class was always held on Thursday Evenings, and was attended by many of the students of Trinity College, especially Divinity students. There was first the consideration of a portion of Holy Scripture. The comments of the President were critical and practical. Then some of the young men, appointed at the previous meeting, recited some of those passages, which he himself loved so well, from Milton, or Cowper, or Gray, or some noble passage from Milton's Prose Works, or from Burke, or Lord Erskine's famous description of the savage. Then there were one or two short

speeches on subjects given beforehand. The remarks made by my father from time to time were homely, but suggestive, absolutely free from affectation, or even from any assumption of superiority, so that to many a young man they were useful, and the hint thus kindly given often marked a starting-point on the road of life.

He occasionally delivered lectures to the members of Young Men's Societies. These lectures were, like his sermons, marked by all the characteristics of his nature. They were the out-pouring of a full mind. He did not so much give information on a particular subject, as encourage and stimulate those whom he addressed. As he often said, there is a literature of power as well as of knowledge; and if he could stir young men up to self-help, to virtuous action, to manly effort, to conquer difficulties, he felt that he would do perhaps the greater good.

The subject chosen for his lecture was generally one that admitted of wide and varied treatment. Thus, in 1859, he addressed the Young Men's Society in Belfast on "The improvement of Protestants."

He speaks gently in the early part of the lecture, when he would win the attention of his hearers, and quotes lines which were favourites with him:—

"You remember, my dear young friends, the words of the great epic poet of England—

'Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue ; she alone is free :
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime ;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.' "

Then he seeks to stir them up to a contemplation of the whole nature of man, and to the dignity of the mind exercised in Christian thought and work :—

" You will find a very noble saying in front of that book, lately published on metaphysics by Sir William Hamilton, taken from an ancient orator, 'That there is nothing great in this world but man ; and that there is nothing great in man but mind.' Our bodies, though they are curiously and wonderfully made, are made of the same material as the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, but the mind is an indestructible matter. It is called by even a heathen poet a particle of Divine air or Divine breath, and its origin, we hear, was in paradise, when God breathed into man. Now remember the occasion. Some portion of dust was taken and shaped. You can conceive it lying there in the garden, in its fair and beautiful proportions—its manly form. There were the arms, the hands, the eyes, and the ears. There was the manly forehead, with noble locks springing from it ; but there was no

feeling, there was no motion, there was no thought, there was no energy. It was like the cold marble till God breathed into it, and it became a living soul, and stood erect. Look at that little thing that is there in the socket. Look at that little black spot that is in it, not much larger than the size of the head of a pin, and yet the whole heavens can be contracted into that little black spot. Truly man is 'fearfully and wonderfully made.' And in that little forehead there is a soft substance, and in that soft substance there dwells some little thing, whatever be its nature, and that little thing has such longings and aspirations that it is not satisfied even now in its ruin, even now in its shattered state; the small remnant of primeval greatness, the wreck of the original temple, it is not even now satisfied unless it can comprehend the plans of the Eternal. Tell it of heights, and it conceives higher. Tell it of depths, and it conceives deeper. Tell it of length and breadth, and it conceives larger. Apply the telescope, and tell of myriads of myriads of worlds, and they are nothing—they are but spots in space. It wants to comprehend the immense and infinite God. Blessed be God, there are given to us minds capable of aspiring to a knowledge of Himself, capable of saying with David—'My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God. As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God!'

And when we come to know God in Christ, then can the poorest, the meanest, the humblest, the lowest say—'God is the strength of my life, and my portion for ever. God is my father, heaven is my home, eternity is my life-time, angels will be my companions, and archangels my associates.'"

Then he would stir their energies by examples. He speaks of Milton :—

"Now remember, my dear young friends, another person. He was asked by one what he was meditating. And what was his reply?—'By the help of heaven an immortality of fame.' 'What are you doing?' says another. 'I am letting my wings grow,' he says, and then he describes himself: 'It is my way,' he says, 'to suffer no impediment, no love of ease, no vocation whatever, to chill the ardour, break the continuity, or divert the completion of my literary pursuits.' And what was the result of that ardour and of that application? What was the result of that self-denial? We have 'Paradise Lost,' that takes its place with the Mantuan bard, and with the bard of Greece. Indeed it has been said that Nature, 'to form the third, she joined the other two.'"

Further on, as he often did, for the sake of the younger clergy, he introduced the subject of speak-

ing, and used an illustration, which there are many who will remember having heard him use at different times :—

"When we go into the pulpit for the first time, you say, 'Oh, he is nervous, or he is timid. He is reading his book,' as an old Scotchwoman said when the minister was reading. She did not like him at all. 'Why so?' it was asked, and she said, 'He is like a crow picking wheat. He bobs his head down for a peck of wheat, then looks up to see if any one is coming, then goes down for another.' You expect, and have a right to expect, that your clergy will improve in reading and in speaking, for you know it does not do to speak in one tone. We like the sound of rivulets, but we tire of the same sound continually. We tire even of the sound of the wave washing the shore, and no matter what the sound may be we tire of it."

Then he describes the energy of Demosthenes, and the effect of his speaking :—

"You are now, my dear young friends, at that period of life when your memories can be made to retain anything, when your imaginations can be made to picture anything, when your tastes can be refined to almost any degree, and when your tongues can be made masters of any kind of speech. Here you are

in this free country with all these advantages. Oh, what is to be expected from you? Do you remember how, in ancient times, a man died leaving his little son his property, and investing that property in trustees for the benefit his son. But, as sometimes has happened, the trustees seized upon the property for their own use, and deprived the orphan boy of it. Well, the orphan boy was studious; he was gifted; he thought, he read, and he laboured: he improved and cultivated the art of speaking and writing, and he pleaded his own case against those guardians who deprived him of his property. In a court of justice he pleaded his own case, and recovered his property. Having begun the study he went on, and he finally became the most distinguished man of his own country. He became the asserter of his country's libertics. Imagine this great orator in the midst of the most illustrious assembly at Athens, pleading in the most illustrious cause—the liberty of the Athenians. What a subject, and what an assembly! The noblest people, the most gifted, the most accomplished; and the object, the greatest one—the liberty of the people? Here is that poor youth who was deprived of his property, and had passed through difficulty and hardship. He goes in and stands up. The heart burns, the soul fires, his tongue is touched. He speaks; he convinces the assembly of their nobility, their merchants, their pro-

fessors, their distinguished artists, and all their great diplomatists. As sentence after sentence, flash after flash, bursts forth, they are moved and moulded, as it were, into one mass, until, by the power of his mighty tongue, he shapes them into one man, and as though they had but one heart and one voice, they start with energy upon their feet and cry, 'Let us march against Macedon. Let us fight for our liberties. Let us conquer or die.' And that once poor youth attained such a position, that though three thousand years of the intellectual taste and refinement of the world have since passed, his praises are not yet exhausted, and it is allowed that justice has not yet been done to his greatness."

Such a lecture as this he generally concluded in words of earnest exhortation and personal entreaty, welding together, as it were, literary effort and Christian work, and making full use of the opportunity afforded to him.

In the year 1860, very much through his influence, working with others, the Young Men's Society, in connection with the United Church of England and Ireland, was formed in Dublin, and the first Lecture he delivered, on the "Advantages and Disadvantages of Youth." He thus speaks of man :—

"You remember how beautifully Virgil describes

the young Ascanius; and the most touching passage in the whole of his magnificent Epic Poem is what is said about Pallas, the son of Evander—a *young man.* This forms one of the most exquisite gems of that noble poem. Now, my dear young friends, you will find in many great writers that young men occupy the most prominent, most interesting, and most striking position. You will read in Shakespeare that the 'paragon of animals' is '*man,*' and therefore it is not the perfection of our nature to be *young* men always. The word 'young' put to 'men' shows that there is something wanting in the young man to the perfection of humanity. Remember what Scripture says—'Let us play the *men* for our people, and for the cities of our God.' When St. Paul writes to the Corinthians, he says, 'Quit yourselves like *men*'—not like children, not like boys—but—'Quit yourselves like *men.*' And now mark what the Bard of Avon says—that man who was all but inspired:—'What a piece of work is a Man!'—not a boy, not a young man, but a MAN, a real Man—he does not mean every one with two legs and a face, but the right stamp of man—and you, young men, can be such, if you will—'What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action, how like'—he does not mean the drunkard; he does not mean the profligate; he does not mean

the sensualist; he does not mean the liar—'in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals.' And when he describes another, he says of him that 'Nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a man'—not a child—not a *young* man, but a MAN. 'His life was gentle—he was a gentle man—a man, a real man.' Now the perfection of humanity is in manhood; it is not in boyhood; it is not in *young* men; but in being a MAN. And Homer—the most ancient of our Epic writers—perhaps the greatest writer the world ever produced—Type of the mind of Greece—that country of Beauty, of Art, of Science, of Literature, and of Genius—Homer exhibits the Prince of Troy, Hector—as a MAN. What does he compare him to? My classic friends, you may remember—to a large rock dislodged from the summit of a mountain, tumbling down the sides of that mountain. He compares a hero, in the full meridian of strength, to that rock in motion—irresistible while in progress, and immovable when at rest. Then he describes another man—a well-trained man—a well-disciplined man—a properly-exercised man—the hero of his poem—who takes his spear and plunges it into a bank, and it enters half of it into the earth. Then he makes one of his warriors come up, who tugs at the spear, and strains and puts forth all his might; but he cannot

extract it. He makes his hero then—his fully-exercised man—his Achilles—seize it, and he with ease draws it forth. *There* is a man in his majesty; *there* is a man in his vigour; *there* is a man tried; *there* is a man disciplined. And, my friends, a properly-disciplined mind—a properly-exercised mind—a properly-trained mind—will execute great things, pour forth choice words and arguments, and control and manage multitudes of men, with dignity and ease; for whatever we attempt, we never do well if it is not done with ease—that is a lesson from Homer."

Again he speaks of mind and thought:—

"I know people who think themselves great; but they are not. Very many think themselves great; but great people are rare. They say the world does not know its great men: and *they* think, because they are not known, that they are great. Every little great man says he is in advance of his age. No matter what he utters or what he writes, although people now do not receive it, the people who come after him will—oh! *they* will make amends; *they* will read his books; *they* will be astonished at the wonderful genius that has passed through the world, and nobody knew of it. *They* will do such men ample justice;—and so they will, no doubt, by their never hearing of them, or by con-

signing them to Lethe, the 'slow and silent stream.' If there be mind, it will make itself felt, as sure as the sun can shine, or the ocean roll. There is no part of this globe on which the sun does not shine; no part where the ocean is not felt. These are the mighty works of Nature; but Mind, where Genius is, is still more mighty, One thought of one mighty mind is greater and grander than the sun or the ocean. They may perish; but Thought never will. It will go on through all ages, and throughout all eternity; and real Thought is what writers call κτῆμα εισ αεί—a possession for eternity!"

And again:—

"Thought is the child of the mind; and while you have your time, your pliancy, and your strength, let them become available for your mind! My dear young friends, the grandest thing you possess is Mind! Your bodies are like the beasts of the field: your minds are like the angels in heaven! You are, as to your bodies, like the beasts that perish: you are like the angels and archangels when you are thinking, and reflecting, and purposing, and resolving to do what is right. What more can angels do than this? They resolve, they purpose, and accomplish good—what can they do more? A virtuous and a godly man can do so likewise; and when he begins to be such a man, we believe there is joy in the presence of the angels of God."

Then he alludes to the speaker, for whom he generally had some useful hints :—

"Above all things in this world, the eyes like to rest upon the human figure and the human face: and it is a very awkward thing, when clergymen are preaching, for the people to look for his face, and (because he buries his face in his book) not to see it at all. Remember, when we are speaking, we are giving out our own thoughts in our own words; but when we are reading, we are sometimes giving out other people's thoughts in their words. But our own thoughts, bursting from the depths of our hearts—in our own words—'flow forth in nature's order, full of facility and felicity—imitating none, and inimitable by any.' And why should anyone try to be like anybody else? Why should not every one be like himself? I know I would not like to resemble anybody but myself."

Then he pleads with the young men :—

"I do not forget the internal fire working in young hearts. I do not at all forget the efforts that are made to draw young men aside from virtue. Pleasure is the great attraction for young men. Pleasure puts on for them her most winning smiles. Pleasure speaks to a young man with the softest, sweetest, and most melodious accents; she dresses herself in the most engaging and graceful garments, and she presents to

his imagination—for that helps her out—the most interesting pictures; and makes him the largest, richest, grandest, and most pleasing promises. Now, we who have passed on from youth to manhood—and some of us a little beyond that—know very well that Pleasure is very artful and very deceitful; that she never performs the tenth part of her promises; and that she ensnares many a youth—that many a young man falls a victim to her wiles—that many a young man is caught in her snares and meshes."

And again :—

"Remember one thing more—some of you are fired by ambition—you like high rank, and you like titles; but, my dear young friends, I fear not to say amongst my learned brethren here, and the learned College-men that are here,—that the true lord, the true ruler on earth, is the man, not that has money, not that has earthly titles (a breath can make him as a breath has made); but the man that erects a chair of state, a throne in the mind of man, and influences immortal thought, whether by tongue or pen, by song or sermon! When wealth shall be consumed in the fire of the world, and power and title shall have passed away, that man's influence shall live, for it is written—'They that be *wise* (Teachers) shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness,

as the stars for ever and ever!' My dear young friends, *there* is a field for your ambition—study to act upon your own minds first, and then upon the minds of others! There is nothing great in this world but man, and nothing great in man but mind, —and the greatest achievement of man is to influence the mind of man."

Then he speaks of his own habit of thoughtful study for a moment, and carries his hearers onwards and upwards with him, till he stamps on their mind a deep impression, and kindles in the minds of those whose sympathy he has won an ardent desire for a fellowship with the noble and the good:—

"If the mind be cultivated and furnished, and if the heart be virtuous—then, when troubles come, as come they will—when annoyances come, as they will come—and disappointment, and vexation, and care—I will tell you what you can do—what I sometimes do myself. I sit in a chair, shut my eyes, and say, 'I will sit and talk with Milton; I will have some converse with that magnificent old man.' Again, I say, 'I will walk with the great Epic Bard of Rome, and I will recruit my mind again; I will take converse with him. I will go higher—to old Homer—and I will view the horses bounding across the horizon; I will view all the magnificent worthies of ancient history; I will survey them all.' Again, I

say, I will talk with the archangels; I will enter the heaven of heavens; I will walk with the prophets and apostles; I will range there!' I say, 'Grand! glorious! my heart is swelling!' I go with Paul into the third heavens; and then I look for God! 'As pants the hart for the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God!' I want to see the Ancient of Days, the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity. Before the mountains were brought forth, He is, from everlasting to everlasting. Here is a lofty region! here is sublimity! I try to conceive the time when the stars did not burn in their sockets; when the moon walked not in her brightness; also when the heavens shall be dissolved, and this green earth will roll together; and then God—God—all-wise, all-great, all-good, inhabiting eternity—'Oh! the magnificent scheme,' I say, 'of my Father! He planned the universe! How wise, how grand, how glorious the whole spectacle! In style and beauty how transcendent! He laid the foundation of the earth with an almighty hand.' 'The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' And then He built His beautiful Eden; then He took the dust, and formed man, and 'breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.' Then God blessed him, pronounced him very good, and gave him dominion over all the beasts of the earth; and then comes the

hapless Fall! But then breaks upon my view 'God manifest in the flesh,' 'bowing the heavens, and coming down,' but not commencing his grand career when a babe in the arms—not when a child—not when a boy—not when a young man. In retirement in Nazareth, he was, no doubt, praying; no doubt, reading; no doubt, observing; no doubt, storing His matchless mind (we speak with reverence) as man—'God manifest in the flesh,' and in the full meridian of manhood, perfect, at the proper time, consecrated to His great office, He begins His work. 'He hath done all things well.' It is written, 'Never man spake like this man.' There is eloquence! Look at Him in His career! There is devotedness. Survey that career. Did He continue it for fifty years? thirty? ten? seven? five? four? No! The ministry of the Man of Sorrows, the Man of Grief, the ministry of Him that spake as never man spake, was compressed into three years and a half. A man may do great things, wondrous things, everlasting things, in a short space of time. Weigh not the number of thoughts, but the quality—not the number of acts, but the quality—not the number of words, but the quality. There is a man; there is matured manhood; heavenly, holy, mild and merciful, pure, and altogether lovely. Meek and lowly Jesus, shedding tears, having sympathies, 'touched with the feeling of our infirmities'—there is humanity! Young

men, come, seek to be virtuous; come, seek to be useful; come, seek to be sensible; come, seek to be wise; come, seek to be good; come, seek to be like Jesus! Great things may be in store for you. Oh! my soul expands at the thought. My brethren, what beautiful things are presented and given to us here below! I range through nature; everywhere is music; everywhere is beauty of some kind or other; everywhere are varied colours, varied shapes; in every place is something new, wonderful, for this imagination of mine—some employment, some delight, some exquisite grace, some loveliness of nature for the imagination of all!

"But yet there are dark spots—disquietude and suffering! But the day is coming, fast approaching, when there shall be no more sorrow, no more grief, no more sickness, no more pain, no more sin, no more falsehood, no more treachery, no more dishonesty, no more worthlessness, no more want of feeling, no more want of spirit, no more want of honouring God and loving man, and doing to others as we would be done by! Oh! what a goodly fellowship is before us! All the worthies from the patriarchal world, from the apostolic world, from the noble army of martyrs, and from the goodly fellowship of the prophets!"

CHAPTER XIV.

COMMUNICANTS — THE FAMINE — FRIENDS — HINTS ON SPEAKING — MORNING MEETINGS OF THE CLERGY — LORD PALMERSTON — ARCHDEACONRY OF KILDARE — SPECIAL SERVICES.

The number of communicants during all this time at Trinity Church was very large; at Christmas and Easter there were generally from 700 to 800, and on ordinary occasions from 300 to 400. Year after year, although many changes occurred, the numbers of the congregation and of the regular worshippers in the church were steadily maintained.

During this period, in the providence of God, the face of Ireland had been changed, and the population diminished, by the scourge of famine and fever. In the years immediately succeeding the famine, the distress which was felt in Ireland did not leave the clergy untouched, and in many a quiet rectory, after heroic efforts to help the poor and suffering, deep distress was felt. From such difficulty, my father and many of the Dublin clergy were themselves free. But his knowledge of the clergy was great, and his sympathy

with them deep, and in conjunction with Dr. Singer and the Ven. Henry Irwin, Archdeacon of Emly, he was enabled to help many. A large fund was raised and entrusted to the three whom I have named, and through their hands large sums passed which were distributed privately, to meet the necessities of the clergy in every part of Ireland in that time of national trial.

If I were to name others with whom he was specially associated, I should refer to the late Bishop of Cashel, Robert Daly, an honest man, a true friend, abrupt in manner, warm in heart. Another valued friend was Denis Browne, Dean of Emly, whose earnest piety and consistent character exercised a deep influence upon the Church in Ireland, both among clergy and laity. His plain sermons, the utterances of an experienced Christian man, were always listened to with pleasure and profit in Trinity Church. The intercourse of my father with Englishmen was very much more limited, as he did not often cross the channel, but occasional visits were interchanged, and for such men as Edward Bickersteth and Charles Bridges he had a warm love. His pulpit was occupied from time to time by most of the eminent Evangelical English Preachers: Dr. M'Neile, Hugh Stowell, and many others. In later years, he saw a good deal of the Rev. Alexander Dallas, and though he did not always go with him in all his plans, he loved and admired him. Mr. Dallas's love of Ireland,

his energy and power of organization, could not fail to interest one who had so many thoughts and desires in common with him, and often in the summer my father used to visit some of the mission stations, where a welcome always awaited him. On his return he generally gave his congregation an account of what he had seen and heard, so as to increase their interest in missionary work.

All this time he was constantly aiming at improvement in preaching and speaking, with a view to usefulness, and sparing no pains to attain it, as the memoranda in his books and diaries show.

The following was written about this time; and although it was intended only for his own eye, it may now prove useful to others. At the head of the paper are written the words, "Suaviter, solemne et cum dignitate." Then—

1. Acquire coolness and self-possession.
2. Warm more gradually.
3. More preparation for each effort.
4. More order in speech and sermon.
5. More sparing of matter in speech causing laughter.
6. More variation of voice.
7. More variety of manner.
8. More ease and grace of manner.

For this—

1. More meditation on subject.

2. More recitation aloud with extremest accuracy.
3. More reading aloud with utmost ability.
4. More exercise with pen with extremest elaboration.

Then on the other side is written—

For ease and self-possession—

1. Conversation with greater variety of persons of all ranks and both sexes.
2. Listen to others, and control mind and tongue.
3. Exercise severest discipline on mind, tongue, and temper.
4. Try and realise Eternity, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.
5. Remember God is present, sees, hears, and knows.
6. Remember few present know much.

The annual meetings of the different missionary societies were at this time much larger gatherings than they are in these days, when synods, congresses, and conventions afford so many opportunities of coming together, that there is often a danger lest the progress and welfare of the individual Christian may not be what it might be if there were more time for reflection, retirement, and prayer. At this time, the only gatherings of the kind took place in Dublin

in April. On the platform my father was always welcome, and his stirring appeals were eagerly looked for at the close of many a meeting. He took a great interest in the morning meetings of the clergy which were held during the same week, and at these he was a frequent speaker. He always addressed the clergy with respectful earnestness, but with a practical view to mutual improvement, and generally softened the effect of the home thrusts, which he well knew how to make, by some playful allusions, which, to an appreciative Irish audience, added to the force of his remarks. But on one of these occasions, when he had made a speech, which had been well received, and was full of practical hints to the clergy, Dr. M'Neile, who followed him, thought himself justified in rebuking him for causing the laugh that some of his remarks had called forth. My father, in whose pulpit Dr. M'Neile had preached the Sunday before, felt it deeply, but the audience seemed to feel it still more deeply, it was as if the speaker had offended the body of the clergy; there was an ominous silence; there was no response to the appeal of the great orator then in his prime. He saw at once the mistake he had made. He sought to regain the favour of his audience, but in vain. He spoke on. He told a story of Bishop Atterbury with all the wondrous power of voice and action of which he was so great a master, but he could call forth no response, and at

length he sat down. There was silence in the room. My father was called on again to speak, and it was for him to restore the good-humour of the audience. He expressed his regret at what had occurred, and then, sometimes seriously, sometimes playfully, rallied the illustrious visitor with a wealth of quotation, allusion, anecdote, and argument, which contrasted strongly with the more formal utterances of the great preacher accustomed to an English audience. This scene, though painful for those who took part in it, was for the younger men who were present, a study. They were able to contrast the stately and formal eloquence of the one, with the freedom and felicity of the other. The good feeling of the meeting was quite restored, and no unpleasantness, that I am aware of, ever arose out of it.

In the year 1855 an offer was made to him of the living of All Souls, Marylebone, under circumstances which were in themselves gratifying, and which made it impossible for him not to consider seriously whether it was his duty to go or to stay.

Lord Carlisle wrote to him, enclosing a letter from Lord Palmerston, which is in many respects an interesting one.

"V. R. Lodge, *April 25th.*

"My dear Mr. Gregg,

"The letter I enclose to you from Lord Palmerston will best explain its own purpose.

"It is a great gratification to me to be employed as the channel of a communication which, I think, confers such unmixed credit upon both the parties concerned.

"Mr. Charles Baring's high repute and standing are probably well known to you. If it suits you to accept the offer, I feel confident that you will not find the church an extinguisher in any but an architectural sense.

"I can well imagine the conflicting feelings to which such a proposal must give rise, but I suppose that Lord Palmerston will be glad to have your decision as soon as you can make it possible.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"CARLISLE.

"REV. JOHN GREGG."

"PICCADILLY, *April* 23*rd*, 1855.

"MY DEAR CARLISLE,

"The living of All Souls, Marylebone, is vacant by the resignation of Mr. Baring, whose health requires country air. The church is the Extinguisher Church in Regent Street. The income, I am informed, is about £500 a-year net, after paying Curates and house rent. I have many candidates, because it is a parish where a good preacher col-

lects a large congregation of hearers of the upper classes.

"When last in Dublin, I went to Gardiner Street Chapel, and was much struck by a sermon I heard from Mr. Greig, or Gregg—John, I believe, by baptism. I should like much to transplant him to London, as he appeared to me to preach sound common sense, in eloquent language, and impressive manner. I wish you would ascertain for me from him whether it would suit him to remove to All Souls, if so I would appoint him.

"Yours sincerely,

"PALMERSTON.

"THE EARL OF CARLISLE,
"&c., &c."

After receiving these letters, he went at once to London and inquired into the circumstances of the parish; but he soon made up his mind to decline the offer which was made to him, feeling that it was better for him still to work in Ireland, and not then to enter upon a new kind of work different in many respects from that to which he had been accustomed.

After this time it became evident to his friends that some change would soon be needful for him. The constant strain upon both mind and body, which

the work of Trinity Church involved, could not but tell even upon an iron frame.

This consideration induced Lord Carlisle, who was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to make different proposals to him in the kindest possible spirit.

In 1857, when Archdeacon Fitzgerald was appointed Bishop of Cork, on the death of Bishop Wilson, the living of Monkstown and the Archdeaconry of Kildare became vacant, and they were offered to him in the following terms:—

"Viceregal Lodge, *January* 21.

"My dear Mr. Gregg,

"The promotion of Archdeacon Fitzgerald to the See of Cork, leaves what he now holds at my disposal.

"I should naturally not think you would be disposed, either as a matter of prudence or inclination, to quit your present position for Monkstown; but as it is just possible that a change in the field of labour, a salubrious situation, and a church still large enough to be, in some measure, worthy of your powers, might have some inducements for you. I merely write this to mention that Monkstown, with or without the Archdeaconry, which, I fear, would bring little additional substantial benefit, would be very much at your service, if you felt so inclined.

"All I should beg is, that you would let me hear

from you on the subject with as little delay as you can make convenient.

"Believe me, my dear Mr. Gregg,

"Yours very faithfully,

"CARLISLE.

"REV. JOHN GREGG."

He declined the living, but, at the solicitation of friends, he accepted the Archdeaconry, the emolument of which was merely nominal. This was the first dignity which he had ever accepted. Up to this time he had not even taken out his Master's Degree; but in the year 1860, the Board of Trinity College conferred upon him the Degrees of B.D. and D.D.; and when preaching for his Degree, he delivered an extempore Latin sermon. It was listened to with some astonishment by the resident members of the University. It was to him a pleasure that the work of his life should thus have been recognised by *Alma Mater*, to whom he always felt that he owed so much, and in whose students he had ever taken so deep an interest.

Shortly after this, the Deanery of Ardagh was offered to him by Lord Carlisle, in the same spirit in which he had offered him a country parish. He wrote as follows:—

"Viceregal Lodge, *July* 8, 1860.

"My dear Archdeacon,

"I feel that the proposal I now make to you can only rest on the supposition, that you feel your work rather too much for you at times, and would not be disinclined to some comparative repose. Will you have the Deanery of Ardagh? I had hoped before this to have been able to propose one of greater emolument, but have not been able to effect this. I believe the amount is somewhere about £550 a-year. If you assent, the matter ought not to be mentioned (except to those to whom you might wish to speak confidentially) till I have submitted my recommendation to the Queen.

"Believe me, my dear Archdeacon,

"Affectionately yours,

"Carlisle."

Although his friends were at this time anxious that some lighter work should be found for him, he was by no means himself ready to admit the necessity for it, or to diminish in any respect the amount of work which he undertook. Indeed he rather increased it, for he felt that in Dublin at this time it was necessary that a special effort should be made, and that the Church should not allow the

readiness to receive religious teaching which seemed to exist in the minds of men to be taken advantage of only by other denominations. The remarkable religious movement which took place in the North of Ireland in the year 1859, was followed by the passing of a wave of religious thought over Ireland, the effect of which it would have been unwise to neglect, and which, if rightly taken advantage of, might, it was felt, result in much permanent benefit.

He was therefore foremost in the effort to which I have already alluded, which resulted in the formation of the Young Men's Society, in connexion with the Church of Ireland, and in the working of which the Dublin clergy heartily joined, the first President of the Association being Archbishop Whately.

It was felt, too, that there was a necessity for special services of a missionary character throughout the churches in Dublin. Into this movement he heartily threw himself, and relaxed the rule on which he had long acted, of confining himself to the pulpit of Trinity Church. He preached at this time in almost all the Dublin churches, generally on week-days, while he carried on the usual services in Trinity Church. This work overtaxed his strength, and eventually resulted in a serious illness. But it was not only this effort; for these last years in Trinity Church were evidently telling upon his strength, although he worked on with unabated energy, and

was looking forward to further usefulness in the same course, when, at the end of the year 1861, the Bishopric of Killaloe became vacant by the death of Lord Riversdale, and this led to the change which then occurred.

CHAPTER XV.

APPOINTMENT TO THE BISHOPRIC OF CORK—MEETING IN THE METROPOLITAN HALL—ADDRESS FROM THE CONGREGATION—CONSECRATION—FAREWELLS—ILLNESS.

On the 8th of January, 1862, he was requested to call on Lord Carlisle, and was offered the vacant Bishopric; at the time it was uncertain whether he was to go to Killaloe or to Cork. It was one of the first occasions on which a Liberal Government departed from the policy which had long prevailed in Ireland, of promoting those only who were Liberals in politics, and known supporters of the National system of Education, as opposed to the Church Education Society. He had never taken any part in politics; but although he had never been much engaged in the Education Controversy, he had always acted with those who were supporters of the Church Education Society, and, when he voted, had always voted on the Conservative side, so that his promotion was a matter of surprise to many. In his conversation with him, Lord Carlisle spoke as might have been expected of him. No condition of any kind was spoken of or implied; but inquiries had been made

of a relative, some time before, as to whether he would state his opinions on the subject of Education —this he had at once declined to do, saying, that the acts of his life, and his opinions, were well known.

In the evening of the same day, the Right Hon. James Whiteside was to deliver a Lecture to the Young Men's Society on the "Life and Writings of Oliver Goldsmith," in the Metropolitan Hall, which is close to Trinity Church, and in the district attached to it. Lord Carlisle was to be present at this Lecture; and when moving a vote of thanks to the Lecturer, he concluded his remarks in these words:—

"And, as the person who makes the motion always desires to have a good seconder, I beg to call for that purpose upon Archdeacon Gregg, whom, I may add, from this day we shall all, I am sure, be glad to recognise by a higher title."

The scene which followed is thus described by the *Daily Express*:—

"The announcement of the Venerable Archdeacon's elevation to the Episcopal Bench was received with vociferous and long-continued cheering, renewed again and again.

"The Ven. John Gregg on rising was received with tremendous cheering, which seemed to increase each moment in intensity. The Archdeacon seemed much affected, and it was some moments before he

was able to speak. When silence had been obtained, he said :—

"My Christian Friends—I have to ask you to-night for that which you have very frequently, and for a long time, given me—your very kind indulgence. I stand here to-night when, perhaps, I should more properly be in retirement, asking God's blessing upon this, to me, most solemn occasion. Perhaps for one reason it is not wrong that I should stand here, for this is a meeting to address young men. About forty-three years ago I entered this city a young man, without being master of a shilling that I could call my own. In the good providence of God, preserved in the path of virtue, possessed of very humble ability, I have now, I am thankful to my gracious God, in the evening of my life—I may almost say in old age—troops of friends, and, I would fondly hope, not one enemy. Through the gracious favour of my Sovereign, and the too partial regard of the high personage who has honoured us with his presence this night, I have now the prospect of one of the highest positions in the Irish Church. Until his Excellency came as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the thought of promotion from any party in politics, or from any power in the Church, never once entered my mind. I thought I should live and die a humble minister—honoured I admit, usefully placed I admit, but still the humble minister of

Trinity Church. I had the high honour, and it was the first thing that suggested to me that I possessed —by diligence only, not by native gift—any power of speech that could be listened to with any degree of respect: I felt it to be a high honour, immediately after his Excellency came to this country, to be selected by the Prime Minister of England, and offered an influential—a very influential living in England. It gratified me, of course. It encouraged me, and certainly, under God, made me, I think, more diligent in my studies than I had previously been. I could not mistake the kindly, friendly feeling of his Excellency towards me since he came to this country. He has repeatedly offered me promotion. He has conferred a dignity upon me, and offered me a higher dignity, for which I felt and do feel most thankful to him. I hope that in the position to which I have the prospect of being raised I shall not lose one of my multitudinous friends. It shall be my prayer and study that I shall not make one enemy. I ask the prayers of my Christian friends who are around me, that I shall say and do nothing unbecoming that high position; but should I fail, or disappoint you or the public, I must say, in justice to myself, that you are not to blame me so much as to blame his Excellency. I sought not his Excellency's favour. He graciously and kindly sought me. He, without preface, stipulation, or promise

exacted of any kind, confided in the honour and integrity, and, as he was pleased to say, the Christian character of your old friend, John Gregg. I have, I think, since he conferred a dignity on me, continued to be John Gregg; and I hope in that higher dignity which now, through his kindness and the grace of our Sovereign, has been conferred on me, I shall be John Gregg still—a humble and laborious minister of the Gospel. I never aspired to be anything more than a plain, humble minister in one of your city churches. I am very defective in many things, and if I am not able to correct these deficiencies, as I hope by God's blessing I shall, I say again you are to blame his Excellency, who shall have spoiled the minister of Trinity Church, and made a very indifferent Bishop. I hope my gifted and accomplished friend—formerly, and for many years, one of my congregation—will forgive me for diverting for a moment your attention from him; but I am perfectly satisfied that nothing I have said, and nothing I can say, will make you forget the lecturer, or the lecture, or the high personage who has honoured us by his presence this evening, who, in such skilful language, moved the thanks of this meeting to our gifted and accomplished lecturer. I have great pleasure in seconding the motion moved by his Excellency."

He makes allusion here to the interview which he had had with his Excellency, and to the spirit in which he had offered the appointment to him. He now endeavoured to act on the same principles on which he had always acted. He always said that usefulness was the motto of his life, and that whatever would interfere with his influence would interfere with his usefulness, and that to alienate friends would do this, so that shortly afterwards, when asked by the Committee of the Church Education Society to become a Vice-President of the Society, he declined to accept the office; and on the same principle, when asked by the Government to become a visitor of the Queen's College, Cork, he likewise declined this office.

After his appointment, letters of congratulation poured in upon him from all classes and kinds of people, many from those who loved him with a fond love, because they owed much to him; and there was not a little sorrow among the members of his congregation at the approaching separation.

It was now settled that he was to go to Cork, as Bishop Fitzgerald had accepted the Bishopric of Killaloe, and it was arranged that his consecration should take place in Christ Church Cathedral, on Sunday, February 16.

On Saturday the 15th an address was presented to him from the Congregation of Trinity Church,

accompanied by a cheque for £1,000, and a valuable piece of plate.

A meeting for the purpose was held in the large schoolroom attached to the church, and a large number of members of the Congregation attended. The Right Hon. Joseph Napier, ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland, occupied the Chair, and read the following Address :—

"TO THE VENERABLE JOHN GREGG, D.D., ARCHDEACON OF KILDARE, FROM THE CONGREGATION OF TRINITY CHURCH, DUBLIN, FEBRUARY, 1862.

"VENERABLE AND DEAR SIR,

"The members of the Congregation of Trinity Church, of which you have been for more than twenty-two years the beloved and devoted Minister, cannot allow you to be separated from them without an expression (however inadequate) of their affection for one so endeared to them, of the pain of separation consequent on your promotion to the See of Cork, Cloyne, Ross, and of the pleasure with which they could not but hail so meritorious a preferment in the Irish branch of the United Church. They desire to bear a simple but heartfelt testimony to the unwearied zeal, the watchful care, and the unabated energy with which your duties amongst them have been discharged. The sound, earnest, faithful exposition of the glorious Gospel from the pulpit; the

fatherly interest in the young; the vigilant anxiety for the efficiency of the Sunday and Daily Schools; the eloquent and untiring advocacy of the cause of the Protestant orphan, and of societies which are dear to true-hearted Christians; the tenderness in your intercourse with the weak and suffering, and your sympathy with the mourners when the shadow of death had darkened a home: though these and such ministrations of 'quiet peace and love' cannot be continued by you amongst the members of Trinity Church, they never can forget the blessings which for so long a period have been imparted to them, through the grace of God, by you as His faithful steward, and their watchful and much-loved Minister. The separation which must now take place cannot but be painful, though it is softened by the reflection that you are elevated to a position of higher and greater influence, which is a cause of rejoicing to the Church of Christ. It is cheering to see the selection of a Bishop made on the grounds of private worth and public merit—of proved fidelity in the more humble, but not less sacred, office of a local pastor.

"May the Holy Spirit be the more abundantly given, to enable you to fulfil the duties of your exalted position as a Bishop, for the glory of Christ and the good of His people. Amongst the prayers to hold you up, and bring down blessings on all your labours in the Lord, many will ascend from the

scenes of your pastoral life, from those over whose souls you have watched, who now bid you farewell, commending you to Him whose you are, and whom you will not cease to serve. They have further to ask your acceptance of the gift by which this Address is accompanied, as a small token of gratitude, and a remembrance of their unalterable affection."

(Signed on behalf of the Congregation by the Committee named for that purpose.)

Having read the Address, the Chairman said—

"I would simply add for myself, as a rather strange and striking circumstance, that I believe it is exactly forty years since I first saw you myself. You were pointed out to me as a worthy example for me to follow in my college life, and I have you still before me as an example to follow in the brighter path that leads to a better world."

The Bishop Designate then read his Reply, as follows:—

"My beloved Brethren and Friends,

"I receive with the most unqualified pleasure your kind and affectionate address. It breathes the spirit of piety and Christian love. I cannot express to you the strong emotion with which I was agitated when I felt that the tie which bound us so long together in

mutual regard, as pastor and people, was about to be severed for ever. Callous would be my heart if I did not feel a severe sorrow at the thought of being so soon separated from you. It is no light thing to go away from a people whom I had known so long and loved so well, and whom the more I knew the more I loved. My heart bears me witness that I desired and sought your welfare, however imperfectly I was able to promote it. I have known many of you in youth, and not a few in age. I have known some of you in sorrow, and many, I am thankful to say, in joy. We have prayed, and wept, and sorrowed, and rejoiced together. Sweet has been my daily intercourse with you, and pleasant were our Sabbaths in prayer and praise. Happier hours I cannot expect to spend on this side of heaven than those I spent with you in the house of God and within your happy homes. I can bear testimony to your deep piety and Christian worth; while your trust for salvation was in the Lord Jesus, and in Him alone, and your expectation of heaven was because of your reliance on His merits, and not for any merits of your own. You were ever ready, no matter how often I asked and how much I urged, to give of your money to the fullest extent of my expectations, without murmur, and to give largely, to promote the glory of God, or to relieve the misery of man. Your respect and esteem I valued and received. Your love to me as a

pastor flowed constantly for more than two and twenty years, and in all that time it knew no fall. The pleasant hours that I passed with your children refreshed me when weary, and braced me for my daily toils. In your kindness to me you magnify my labour for you, but you cannot magnify my love. It is to me now no ordinary gratification that through God's goodness, after so many years of pastoral intercourse with you, and so many difficulties as must almost necessarily have occurred in so protracted a ministry, I carry with me to my new sphere of labour your respect and esteem and regard. I am still more cheered and encouraged because I am assured that I shall be remembered in prayer at the Throne of Grace by so many who know and love the Lord. Allow me to say, for the instruction of others also, that I was much sustained in my humble labours among you and for you, by the heartfelt conviction that I was ministering to a virtuous and devoted people, who loved the truth, and loved the minister for the truth's sake. I was saved from all trouble and anxiety in worldly things by the care and kindness of those among you who managed the temporal concerns of the church. I had every advantage and every opportunity. I ministered to a noble congregation, who had heads to understand and hearts to feel the truth. If good was done to young or old, rich or poor, to God be all the glory, through Jesus

Christ, for ever. I accept your exquisite gift, your magnificent present. I am thankful to God, I am grateful to you. The Lord bless you all here and for ever, for Jesus Christ's sake.

"I am your affectionate friend,

"JOHN GREGG,

"Archdeacon of Kildare, and Minister of Trinity Church, Lower Gardiner-street.

"15*th February*, 1862."

He then added a few words of a less formal character:—

"Mr. Chairman and my dear friends, now that we have concluded, I can hardly call it the formality of an Address from you to me, and the Answer from me to you, I would desire to express to you in some measure the grateful sense I feel for the kind manner in which the Chairman, in addition to your Address, has made mention of me, and to yourselves, for your Address and Testimonial accompanying it. My great desire—my intense desire—for you all is for your everlasting welfare. Happily for me, I shall not be placed at such a distance from you, but that I may expect, in the providence of God, often to hear of you—sometimes, I hope, to see you. I hope, indeed I feel assured, that I shall have your prayers ascending up to our common Saviour, and the God

and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that I may be humble, zealous, and painstaking in my new sphere of labour; and that it may be my constant desire, and that I may labour with all the energy of my nature, to exalt the Lord Jesus Christ; and that, under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, I may be an instrument to comfort and gladden the hearts of the believing people of God, and of spreading the glorious Gospel around me, and extending my Master's Kingdom. I know nothing else worth living for by such creatures as we are. I know nothing else so elevating, so exalting, so ennobling to the spirit, as labouring in the service of the Lord Jesus Christ, and working for the extension of His kingdom. My heart's desire and prayer to God for you is that the richest blessings of the Gospel of Christ may descend upon your heads, and upon your families, and upon your little ones, and upon your city, and upon your people, and may the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ give us all His blessing, for Jesus Christ's sake."

The approaching separation was deeply felt by him and by the members of his flock.

The consecration took place on the following day, when the Archbishop of Dublin (Whately) was assisted by the Bishop of Cashel (Daly), and the Bishop of Killaloe (Fitzgerald).

The sermon was preached, at the request of the

Bishop Designate, by Dr. Butcher, at that time Regius Professor of Divinity. He chose two texts, 2 Tim. ii. 2, and Jer. vi. 16, and at the conclusion of a thoughtful sermon, after some allusions to the particular occasion, spoke in the following words, alluding to the knowledge of the Irish language which my father possessed :—

"It is more than two centuries since, if I mistake not, the truth of God has been preached to the native people of this country by a Protestant Bishop in their own tongue; and it might well be deemed a source of congratulation to be able to enrol the name of a second Bedell in the annals of our national Church.

"The ceremony of this day is, therefore, one of no ordinary importance and interest. And as we have reason to be thankful to the great Head of the Church, because, in His Providence, He has called to the oversight of His flock a long-tried and faithful servant, adorned with many eminent gifts and qualities, so should we earnestly pray that the graces of the Holy Spirit may continue to descend richly upon him in his new and enlarged field of action. So that when he shall have reached—we trust at some distant day—the close of his earthly course, he may have the happiness of knowing that the success which, by God's blessing, crowned the earlier

stage of it, which terminates now, was only the earnest of still nobler results achieved, by the same Divine aid, in its later stage; and that the love, and reverence, and honour, which gathered round the name of the simple pastor had been transferred, only with increased intensity and lustre, to adorn the title of the bishop."

On the Sunday before his consecration, he had taken farewell of his congregation, and for the last time occupied his well-loved pulpit as minister of Trinity Church. It was a trying occasion to him, and to many of those who were present.

After the consecration, there was much to be done: new duties to be entered on, and old friends to be parted from. Many other Addresses were presented to him: one from the Clergy of the Diocese of Dublin, which was very largely signed; Addresses from the Young Men's Societies, and from various bodies connected with Trinity Church.

In a few days he paid his first visit to Cork as Bishop, and was enthroned in the old Cathedral of St. Fin Barre. He enjoyed the hospitality of his old and true friend, Horace Newman, Dean of Cork, who welcomed him with a hearty welcome.

He received also, at this time, much valuable assistance and information from the Archdeacon of Cork, the Ven. Samuel Moore Kyle, whose know-

ledge of ecclesiastical law and intimate acquaintance with the Diocese enabled him to give important aid to the new Bishop.

After he had moved down to Cork, he held his first ordination on Trinity Sunday; but in a very short time it became quite evident that the strain upon him, added to the overwork of the last few years, to which I have already alluded, was too much. He began to lose his sleep—and good sleep to him was always essential. This produced a nervousness and depression quite unnatural to him. This continued for some time, becoming worse and worse. His friend and medical attendant, Surgeon Adams, advised him to try rest and change of scene, and if this did not succeed, to consult Dr. Edward Seymour, in London; so that, in July, he went to Switzerland by easy journeys, and spent about six weeks in moving quietly about; but it seemed to be of no use, sleep he could not get, and the nervousness he could not shake off. He would fall asleep for a little time at night, and then wake up, and by no possibility could he get to sleep again: scenes which he had before visited and delighted in had no charm for him. The shores of Lake Lucerne had then no beauty for him. The snow-clad mountains he could not admire, although, perhaps, no one ever had a greater admiration for, or a keener enjoyment of, the beauties of nature than he had. He came back to

London, and consulted Dr. Seymour. He at once prescribed rest, and the use of strong narcotics. The sleep came at once—it was a heavy sleep, but still a great improvement. The draughts were regularly increased in strength for a considerable time, and as regularly diminished; and, at the end of a few months, which the Bishop spent in the fresh air of Howth, he was able to sleep without any draught. His vigour, and strength, and spirit returned, and he was enabled to return to Cork in the autumn, full of energy and determination to enter upon the work which lay before him.

He often said "that he pitied the man that never made a mistake;" at the same time he himself had great caution, and he now felt that he was entering upon work in many respects new to him. His attention had been but little given to points of ecclesiastical law; and at the time, on account of the dangers which threatened the Established Church, it was essential that a bishop should not be uninformed on such subjects. He obtained at once, in accordance with his usual habit in reference to any subject on which he desired information, the best books to be had, and read much on the subject, so that he soon attained to a very considerable knowledge on such questions.

Before he left Dublin he had expressed, in striking words, his love for the Church. It was with him

no new love: he had felt it and acted on it from his early days, and these words suggest the principle on which, as Bishop, he endeavoured to act:—

"It is true I love the Protestant Established Church. It is true that I have loved her with an unabated love, and, I trust, will love her with the same love to the end. I love her liturgy, because it is sound and Scriptural, and solemn and comprehensive. I love her government, because I think it Scriptural and primitive; and I love her arrangements, *because they are channels cut deep for the waters of life to flow regularly through.*"

His earnest desire and prayer was that he might be enabled to fulfil the duties of a Christian Bishop, discharging all the duties, and not neglecting the gifts, the use of which God had blessed in his earlier ministry. The lines which he often quoted—

> "Thy path is plain and straight, that light is given,
> Onward in faith, and leave the rest to heaven—"

describe well his own course; and the following passage, written in the fly-leaf of a Greek Testament, shows the spirit in which he entered on his work:—

"I know how a man ought to feel who has reached the sixtieth year of his life; I know how a Christian minister ought to preach—what such a man should

live for—what he should aim to do—what spirit he should be of; I know how a man ought to live, who feels that he is rapidly approaching heaven—how he ought to labour, to pray, to wait, to hope, to be patient; how he ought to be found at the post of duty, and to gird himself for the last conflict."

He desired to work on in the same spirit in which he had always worked, and to preach "the Word" in every part of the large Diocese committed to him, which is almost conterminous with the County of Cork. In the south and west of the County there are many large and populous parishes, and many Irish-speaking people. When he visited these parishes, as he often did, he always used the Irish tongue, when there were people present who understood it; and, to the delight of the people whom he met on the road, he had many a friendly conversation with them in Irish, and never left them without telling them of "the words of eternal life."

CHAPTER XVI.

DEATH OF HIS YOUNGEST SON—PATRONAGE—ORDINATION—DEATH OF HORACE NEWMAN—VISIT TO LONDON—CONFIRMATIONS—WORK IN THE DIOCESE—OPINIONS—VISITATION CHARGES—CHARACTER OF THE CHURCH—SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES—CONFIRMATION CLASSES—VISITING—THE PREACHER—THE MINISTRY.

In the beginning of the year 1863, it pleased God that the life of his youngest son, William Henry, who was at that time at school in England, should be cut short. He died at home in the Christmas holidays, after a few days' illness. He was a gentle and affectionate boy, beloved by all who knew him, both at home and at school. Abundant testimony there was to comfort a sorrowing parent's heart, that he fell asleep in Jesus. His name is recorded by his father in a memorial window in the Cathedral of St. Fin Barre.

The Bishop's time was now very fully occupied. Study and correspondence filled up his time at home; and he was determined to make himself acquainted with every parish in the diocese, by

personally visiting it, preaching in every church, and becoming acquainted with the clergy and, as far as possible, with the laity.

The disposal of his patronage was to him a very serious responsibility. A large number of livings were in the gift of the bishop of this diocese. This caused him much anxiety, and was a subject of much prayer, that wisdom might be given to him to discharge the trust faithfully and well. Carefully, very carefully, did he inquire into and consider the requirements of the parish, the claims of the clergy in point of standing, service, and ability, and the fitness of a particular clergyman to meet the requirements of a vacant parish. It would be well for the Church of Ireland if we could now agree upon some improvement in the present system of patronage, so that all these different elements should be taken into consideration more impartially than they appear sometimes to be. To promote a good man was to the Bishop a great pleasure; to pass over a man of long standing was always a cause of pain and regret.

The character and qualifications of the young men whom he admitted into holy orders was a matter of deep anxiety to him. In the examination for Deacons' Orders, he always wished that prominence should be given to the subject of the Evidences of Christianity; and in the examination for Priests' Orders, the Pastoral Epistles in the Greek Testament

were always examined in; and he wished that during the year of the Diaconate, Bishop O'Brien's Sermons on "The Nature and Effects of Faith" should be carefully read. His own examination was generally in the Greek of the New Testament and in the Prayer Book. On several occasions he himself preached at the ordination, but more frequently not. It was his habit to invite clergymen from different parts of the diocese to preach the sermons on these occasions, so that, at his invitation, many clergymen took part in these solemn services. His chaplains preached on different occasions, also the Hon. and Rev. Charles Bernard, Dr. Butcher, Rev. Henry Jellett, Rev. John Woodroffe, Rev. John Quarry, Rev. John Conolly, Rev. R. W. Marmion, Rev. Henry Woodroffe, Rev. Robert Bruce, Church Missionary Society; Rev. T. E. Evans, Rev. S. Hayman, Very Rev. Achilles Daunt, Rev. C. S. Bruce, and others.

In the beginning of the year 1864, the Venerable Dean of Cork, Horace Newman, entered into rest, full of years and honours—a man of great piety and apostolical zeal, simple in his life, hospitable in his house, and holy in his ministry. He was succeeded in the Deanery by Dr. Magee, the present Bishop of Peterborough. In this year the Bishop sat for the first time in the House of Lords. He enjoyed the time spent in London, making many acquaintances, taking part in many gatherings for charitable objects,

and occupying the pulpits of many old friends, and of not a few who had known him in Trinity Church, when passing through College in Dublin.

As soon as he returned from London, he held Confirmations throughout the United Diocese, having Confirmations at twenty-four centres, and confirming 1,380 young people, it being the custom in this diocese to hold Confirmations throughout the diocese every three years, in addition to annual Confirmations in the City of Cork.

He was thus becoming thoroughly acquainted with the diocese, preaching in every part of it, not only on occasions of a public nature, but striking out preaching tours for himself. He was always at work, giving notice he would visit such and such parishes, and frequently holding special services on week-days, when he earnestly addressed small gatherings of the people.

He found, as was to be expected, that it was a very different thing to address small country congregations in different churches every Sunday, and to address a large congregation in a place with which he was familiar, as his habit had been; but he endeavoured to accommodate himself to this work, and to suit his style of preaching to the occasions. The following entry made by him expresses the rule that he evidently laid down for himself:—

"Short sermon, thirty-five minutes; explain text;

reason on it, urge it home strongly; exhort warmly, conclude prayerfully, and close simply."

Thus his work went on. With hardly an exception, the relations between him and his clergy were most cordial, and became more and more so every year as they knew him better. He rarely allowed himself to be drawn into a correspondence upon any matter to which he might think it necessary to call the attention of any of his clergy; his habit generally was to ask them to call upon him, and in a friendly interview, as a general rule, experience, tact, and knowledge of human nature, came to the aid of a fatherly interest in the welfare and well-doing of his clergy. Men anxious to do the work of God learned to love the man who would thus give them friendly counsel.

I have heard that it has sometimes been said that his views had changed, that he did not as bishop hold the opinions which he had held as minister of Trinity Church. I am inclined to think that those who peruse this volume, and read the extracts which it contains, will come to a different conclusion. I suppose those who hint that his opinions changed do not mean that views should be so stereotyped as to admit of no softening influence, arising from age and experience, from intercourse with men, and from the growth of Christian character, but that he did not preach as an old man

what he preached as a young man. This will be found to be very far from the truth. His views on the doctrines of Grace, on the doctrines of the Sacraments, on Church government, on the Christian ministry, were, I know, formed and carefully worked-out in early life, and did not in any respect materially change; and the same clear, ringing tone will be heard in his last utterances as in his earliest words. Christ was the substance of his teaching from first to last.

The pulpit of Trinity Church he, as I have said, always regarded as a missionary station, a post where the herald of the Gospel was to take his stand and cry aloud; and if, in the earlier years of this century, it was necessary for faithful men to blow a shrill, clear blast, loud and long, to rouse men from spiritual slumber, and to dwell upon the great doctrines of grace, almost to the exclusion of other teachings, springing from them, many of those same men saw that, as often happens, the relative proportion of the truths might have been sometimes overlooked, and that if the great doctrines which they loved were to have their due place and influence among men, the whole truth of God must be maintained in all its parts and consequences. Some truths must not be forgotten while others are proclaimed, or exaggerations, if not corruptions, will be sure to follow. The progress of an age, in things

social and intellectual, in the cultivation of art and science, must not be forgotten, but remembered and used. Therefore, when he became a bishop, and was charged with the awful responsibility of an overseer in the Church of God, he spoke as plainly to the clergy as a bishop ever spoke on the practical work of the ministry in all its details. He, by precept, as well as by his own example, enforced his belief that the work of the pulpit was the preaching of Christ. He held, and always taught, that the observance of order was the best guarantee for sobriety of teaching and permanence of work. He held that it was the greatest possible mistake to allow the beautiful service of the Church to be cold, dull, and dreary, or the house of God to be unsightly or inconvenient; and he, therefore, with his wonted energy, encouraged in every parish the reverent performance of Divine service, and the restoration and improvement of the churches; so that there is hardly a church in the United Diocese which, during the sixteen years of his Episcopate, did not undergo some improvement at the suggestion of the Bishop, or, at all events, with his concurrence and help; and with the same object, he threw himself into the rebuilding of the Cathedral of St. Fin Barre, desiring to encourage thereby a higher style of church architecture, and a better taste among the people; but the doctrines which he preached and taught in his

earlier ministry were the same which he taught to the latest year of his life.

In the autumn of 1863, he had delivered his primary Charge to the clergy, and referred in his address to many subjects. The following extracts appear to me to bear out the truth of the foregoing remarks:—

THE CHARACTER OF THE CHURCH.

"You should instruct them as they are able to bear it, in the character of our Reformed Church, and show them that it is a Scriptural Church, and a Catholic Church, conformed to the primitive model, in which they can worship God in words and forms sanctioned by usage and venerable with age. Show them that it is a Church that breathes the spirit of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs; a Church to be prized above all others, because it embodies and teaches immortal truth. Instruct them well in the Bible and in the Prayer Book—in the one as the Book of God, in the other as the Book of the Church. By the one they can know what true religion is; by the other, what is a true Church. The one, by God's blessing, will guard them from infidelity and false religion; the other, from heresy and extravagance."

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND CONFIRMATION CLASSES.

"In the Sunday Schools are your most promising

fields of labour, where you may expect to reap the richest fruit. Here virtuous youths assemble, some to teach, and others to be taught; here laity are learners, and laity teachers, and both are equally benefited and equally blessed. Look well to the quality of your Sunday School Teachers, and to the system of your schools.

"Confirmation Classes you can form from your schools. In these you will have opportunities of giving instruction, such as in your ministry will rarely occur. You can enter more deeply and fully into personal religion, and give counsel suited for after-life. The period of confirmation is eventful in the history of youth, and often the most favourable opening for usefulness in the pastor's life. Then, if ever, let there be tenderness and solemnity; speak to them kindly and encouragingly 'the Word of life.' Your words and manner, and spirit and instruction, then, may affect them all their years, from the morning of their life to the evening thereof, and down to its latest day. Now is the dawning of their manhood, and as that dawning is, such may be their meridian; the child is father of the man, as the morning is father of the day."

VISITING.

"The common visit is, in general, merely to go to see; the pastor's visit should ever be to see *after*, to

see to, the welfare of the people, the good of the flock. If you visit the people well, they will be apt to visit the church well. If they find that you do not care for them on the week-days, you will find that they will not much care for you on the Sundays. You may get the knowledge of people from books, but you will get the knowledge of your own people only from visits. By knowledge of *books* you may get learning, but by knowledge of *men* only, will you get wisdom. For learning you will be indebted to other men; for wisdom, under God, only to yourselves. He who knows men best, will best know how to deal with them. Men who merely know books are very apt to make mistakes; they are deep in books, but shallow in men. Better are they, and *few* they are, who are deep in both. How can a clergyman preach well if he does not know the people? and how can he know the people if he does not visit them? Any man can visit, but it requires to be a good man to visit well."

THE PREACHER.

"It is a delightful thing to contemplate a good pastor and an able minister of the New Testament coming on the Sabbath morning, after the labours of the week, to the house of God, to conduct the service and instruct the people. After praying the prayers, and reading the lessons as sermons from God, he

ascends the pulpit full of his subject to preach 'the truth.' There he stands a ruler of the people; the pulpit his throne, the tongue his sceptre, and 'the Word' his sword. No pomp attends him, his state is in himself; no art appears in him, all is nature, art has done her work. His action is simple, not affected; his own, not assumed; his voice is natural, and his language plain; neither is noticed, the subject engrossing the thoughts; his spirit is earnest, his manner is lively, for his heart is in his work; he realises the thought that heaven is above him, hell beneath him, and eternity before him. The day is holy, the place is sacred, the hour is solemn, and the people still. The children are there, the aged are there, the prosperous are there, the poor and afflicted are there, and the 'weary and heavy-laden' are there, and it may be, also, every shade of virtue, and every grade of vice. Now will he show that he prayed, that he thought, that he read; now will he manifest that there is light in his mind, warmth in his heart, and fire in his soul. Now will he bend all his energies and throw his whole soul into his words, and burn and bore his way to the heart. Now will he explore the recesses of conscience, and show the sinner, like his Master, all that ever he did. He does not expect that either the strong wind, or the earthquake, or the fire will give life to the sinner, but only the 'still small voice' of Jesus in the Gospel of

Peace. What scene on this side of eternity is so interesting and so striking as that of a whole congregation, all eye, all ear, looking and listening to their faithful pastor dilating on mercy, and leading his flock to the fulness of Christ? Every eye is fixed, every ear chained, every heart stirred, and every soul swelling with emotion. Jesus is exalted, the Spirit is honoured, and the Father is glorified in the Son. The law threatens, conscience trembles, the Gospel tells of Jesus, the guilty hearkens, the Spirit quickens, the sinner trusts, and Jesus saves; there is joy in heaven over repenting sinners, as angels sing in sweetest strains, the matchless triumphs of redeeming love. The chief mover on earth in all this scene, may be an humble minister of a country church."

In his Charge of 1864, he thus speaks of

THE MINISTRY.

"Our Great High Priest received gifts for men and gave gifts to men. 'He gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers.' These were the gifts He bestowed, and great and precious gifts they were. The purpose for which He gave them is told us, to wit—'For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.' The

gifts were given, not for that time and that generation only, but for all time and for all generations; not indeed extraordinary gifts, such as the apostles, with inspiration and miracle, with the wide world for their field of labour; but ministers with the ordinary ministry and mission of pastors and teachers, to wit—Bishops, Presbyters, and Deacons, to minister in their appointed places in the kingdom of Christ, with the high authority and promised presence of their Lord and King. Such, if duly qualified, are *able*, that is, *sufficient*, ministers of the New Testament, not of the letter but of the spirit, having the ministry of righteousness, the ministry of the Spirit, the ministry of life. They minister for God and to God in the public assembly, teaching, baptizing, and instructing the people, consecrating and distributing the sacred symbols, the holy mysteries of religion, 'as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.' This was to be continued 'till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ,'"

CHAPTER XVII.

CHURCH BUILDING—WORK IN THE CHURCH—MISREPRESENTATIONS BEFORE THE PASSING OF THE IRISH CHURCH ACT — THE BISHOP MISREPRESENTED — CORRECTION—VISITATION CHARGES—HOLY COMMUNION—A PROTESTANT CHURCH—PREACHING CHRIST—PUBLIC WORSHIP.

In his Charge in 1867 he was able to say that "within little more than five years, nine churches have been built in the United Diocese, three churches are in course of building, and thirty churches have been more or less improved." This was the work which was going on in this diocese, and in other parts of Ireland, while misrepresentations of every kind were published in the press and on platforms, both as regards the Church and as regards individuals, with a view to create that state of public opinion which led to the passing of the Act of 1869.

Those who did not reside in Ireland at that time can have no idea of the way in which the actions and words of prominent men were misrepresented. Bigotry was freely imputed, and false accusations

readily accepted as true, by a hostile or indifferent public.

The Bishop suffered on two occasions from this state of things. In his Charge of 1867 he used some strong and indignant expressions, as he often did, with reference to the teaching of an extreme party in the Church of England, of whose proceedings he always found it difficult to speak in moderate language, for anything that was theatrical in worship he always regarded as childish, while the teaching of Romanism by those who professed to accept the Thirty-nine Articles, he regarded with abhorrence as dishonest.

These words were represented for political purposes as an attack upon the Roman Catholics in Cork, to whom they did not, and could not, really apply; and in the same way some words which he used in reference to Mr. Gladstone were misrepresented, and words put into his mouth which he never used. To such an extent was this carried, that he thought it necessary to allude to it in Dublin at a meeting of the Irish Society:—

"The reporters for the newspapers, particularly those in Dublin, had, as a rule, been kind to him, and had sometimes even given him credit for better words than he used, but on the present occasion he had to ask from them an act of simple justice, and

that they would 'nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice.' He supposed they had heard of a playful allusion which he had made in Cork, and which had been made a great deal of. Indeed it surprised him, as it would them, to find what had been attributed to him. A public man was public property, and a bishop was sacred property. He did not deprecate any raking or tearing that he might get so long as it was fair; but these were what were called evil times, and he feared that there were evil tongues and some evil pens at work—he would not say evil reporters. He would read for them printed paragraphs which had been sent to him from England, as containing what he had said at a meeting in the south:—'At a recent meeting the Bishop of Cork concluded his speech by saying, "They talk of bills and Bills, but Bill Gladstone and his Bill may go the ——"' They knew what that meant; and then it was said that the meeting 'terminated with the Doxology.' All he could say was, that if he had spoken those words, he would not have allowed the Doxology to be sung. Another paragraph from another paper was a little diversified:—'At a recent meeting in that city his Lordship said, "They talked of bills and Bills, but Billy Gladstone may go the devil with his Bill;"' and this paragraph also said that the 'meeting terminated with the Doxology.' I will now," continued his Lordship, "read my reply,

which I hope the reporters will do me the justice to publish:—'This sentence I never used. These words, or words embodying such a sentiment as they do, I never used. The sentiment expressed in them, or implied by them, I utterly abhor. Such words I would not use, I could not use; such sentiment I could not entertain towards the meanest creature that lives, and how far less towards the eminent person to whom they refer.'"

In his Charge in 1866 he states his views on the Holy Communion, and what he held to be the teaching of the Church on the subject:—

HOLY COMMUNION.

"The Holy Communion is a divine ordinance of Christ, to be used and enjoyed by His people, for the strengthening of their souls and the comfort of their minds. It is now-a-days in some places so grossly abused, that there is some danger that it may not be used. But what will not corrupt man abuse? Our Reformers or the compilers of our Liturgy removed the word *altar altogether* from the services in our Prayer-Book, and substituted or used the word *table* instead. In the Communion Service alone, and in the preface and rubrics connected therewith, the word *table* is used *sixteen times*, the word altar *not once*. The consecrated bread and wine in the sacrament of

the Lord's Supper are never called *sacrifice* in our *Prayer Book*, nor in the *New Testament*. In the service and observations and rubrics to which I have just adverted, reference is made over thirty times to that ordinance under various titles. It is called Communion, Holy Communion, Sacrament, Holy Sacrament, Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, Lord's Supper, but never *once* is it called sacrifice. In that service clergy and *people* offer a sacrifice to God, after they have partaken of the bread and wine,—not the sacrifice which Christ offered, but they offer *themselves*, not *Him—their* souls and bodies, not *His* soul and body, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto God. They offer *their* sacrifice, not *His*, not a sacrifice of *propitiation*, but one of praise and thanksgiving *for* the all-sufficient sacrifice of Christ offered once for all by Christ, and by Him alone, on the cross for our redemption, as the only full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world. The sacrifice of Christ on the cross, and not anything done by us, or for us, or in us, at or in the Holy Communion, is the propitiation for our sins. In the Holy Communion and at it, Christ is really present by His own Divine power, in and to the soul of the *true Christian, or in him and to him who trusts or has faith for salvation in Christ.* In that ordinance he feeds by faith, *in his heart*, on

Christ present, after a spiritual and heavenly manner in and to his soul. Christ is no more present in the bread and wine after than before consecration; the bread and wine are the same after as before consecration; the use and purpose to which they are put or applied are different; the use and purpose of them before was for the body, for earthly purposes; now after consecration their use and purpose is for the soul—for heavenly purposes; they are set apart for the holy ordinance, to be used for a spiritual purpose by the faithful people of Christ, in the service of God. They are not to be elevated for worship, for that would be idolatry 'to be abhorred of all faithful Christians,' but reverentially taken and used *in faith* according to our Lord's appointment. The clergyman is not to hide them from the view of the laity when using the prayer of consecration, as if there was some mystery in *them* or *in what* he was doing. The mystery, in its true meaning, is in the *hearts* of the faithful, where Christ is present in a heavenly manner to strengthen and refresh the soul of every one who truly trusts in Him."

He spoke in the following passage of the Protestant character of the Church :—

A PROTESTANT CHURCH.

"In this country, we thank God, our minds are yet

unfettered, the Bible still is free, and language and literature, like rivers of water, can range as they will. Blessings of mighty magnitude are these which we owe not to Rome or to Ritualism; they cost our fathers a mighty struggle and the expenditure of untold treasures of noblest, richest blood; the sons of such sires, we trust, are not likely to part with, nor suffer to be filched or forced from their iron grasp the goodly heritage of imperishable truth and dear-bought rights, so bravely fought for and nobly won, for *exploded Romish errors*, whether open or disguised. They will not part with them, for frown or favour, or for all the authority of the earth. They have been taught to prove all things and hold fast that which is good. They tested long ago, by the powers of reason and revelation and history, the lofty claims and proud pretensions of haughty Rome, and they found them unwarranted and unjust. No religion contrary to reason and revelation can command their respect. Such cannot be from God, for then would He contradict Himself. No vaunting or high-swelling words, or confident assertions, no insolent airs, or domineering demands, can avail with men of sense, who know the truth and love to be free. With them one particle of proof is worth a world of pretension, assertion, and argument. For the satisfaction of their minds they require strong and convincing reasons, or the clear attestations of

the unerring Word. What is not agreeable to right reason they regard as folly, though coming from an angel's tongue, and what is not according to Scripture as earthly and sensual, savouring of men not of God. Therefore will they have neither Romanism, nor the poor servile imitation of it, commend them or soften them or disguise them who will. The former they regard as a corruption of Christianity, the latter as poor and little and mean."

In his Charge of 1867, he spoke thus of preaching, pressing on others to do what he had himself endeavoured to do:—

PREACHING CHRIST.

"Preach Jesus, the true sacrifice for sin, offered by Himself, not any miserable substitute offered by men. Distinguish well the visible from the spiritual Church, the outward from the inward man; so shall you keep separate the shadow from the substance, the semblance from the truth. Preach Jesus the true Priest for ever, the high Priest in heaven, not the clergy or bishops, weak worms of the earth. 'We preach not ourselves' saith the Apostle, 'but Christ Jesus the Lord.' Preach Jesus, 'the Minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched and not man.' No breathing thoughts or burning words, no tongue of angel or of flaming

seraph can tell the treasures of this matchless name; Jesus the name above every name, has been preached in city and in country, in cottage and in dungeon, in caverns of the earth, on wildest hill-side and on solitary shore, and wherever preached in simplicity, faith, and prayer, grace has been given and power bestowed, sinners have wept and prayed and trusted, while angels sang in ecstasy and heaven has rung with joy. The poor, the miserable, the lonely and forsaken, the heirs of sorrow and the sons of shame, have been gladdened by His Gospel and cheered by His love; no music to their ears like the music of His mercy, no cordial for their heart, like the balm of His blood; no cover for their nakedness like the garment of His righteousness, and no procession for their wonder, like the going forth of Jesus their Redeemer, to conquer and to save. No structure raised by mortal hands, however stately and however costly, can satisfy their taste or come up to their desire, they look for the 'habitation of God' that Jesus is erecting of living stones, hewn out and fashioned by the Almighty's hand, growing and glittering in the sunshine of His favour, and resting secure on His everlasting strength. Already in anticipation and contemplation thereof, are they charmed with a beauty such as eye never saw, and regaled with a music such as ear never heard."

The following description of Public Worship will be felt to be the expression of one to whom it was a pleasure and a joy to go to the House of God:—

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

"How beautiful is the theory of our public worship, the sacred day, the Sabbath bell, the house of prayer, the gathering people, the mingled multitude of rich and poor, and old and young together, the opening scripture, the lowly voice of supplication, wafting our wants to heaven, the humble joy, the lively thanksgiving, the adoring praise, 'We praise thee, O God,' rejoicing 'in the strength of our salvation;' the holy words of inspiration, venerable with hoary years, the pause, the solemn pause, to remember the poor and needy, an offering and sacrifice well-pleasing to God; with praise in hymn, or psalm, or spiritual song poured forth in melodious accents, or with solemn chant, the man of God ascends his throne, and stands erect to teach, to preach the truth, to point to Jesus, and show the road to heaven. The character of the man, the look, the voice, the words, arrest and fix the mind, affect the heart, and move and melt the soul, with thoughts that burn and breathe of heaven. The voice is still, the silent supplication rises, the prayer of faith is heard, the healthful spirit of grace descends, the dew of blessing falls; minds are solemnised, souls are kindled, and

humble hearts refreshed. The holy table spread, the heavenly feast, the sacrifice of praise, the 'Glory be to God on high;' the close in prayer and blessing, knowledge, peace, and love; the slowly-retiring multitude go on their way rejoicing, musing praise, and looking thoughts of heaven. 'Truly it is good to be here, this is none other than the house of God.'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BISHOP A STUDENT—HABIT OF MAKING EXTRACTS—EXTRACTS—SPEECH AT THE APRIL MEETINGS.

The Bishop was a great lover of books, and collected a large library, containing many valuable editions. He bought books on all subjects, and read them. He used to say that, if he got one thought out of a book, it was worth the buying; and to fix such thoughts or well-expressed sentences in his mind, he used to write them out in a note book, or very frequently in the fly-leaves of a Greek Testament, or of some book that he was at the time studying. It was his delight to read for awhile, then take a walk in the garden, and return to read again. High thinking and simple living may be said to have been the rule of his private life. His chief study was always the Holy Scriptures, and specially the Greek Testament. He could repeat accurately, from memory, whole chapters in the Greek, as well as in the English version. His Testaments are filled with written comments on the text; but of a fragmentary

character, I fear to use them lest I should misrepresent his opinions, for I know that he often wrote down an observation or idea which occurred to him, or which he took out of some book he was reading, and that he afterwards saw reason to change his opinion. Those who listened intelligently to his preaching, know well how full his sermons were of keen criticisms on the meaning of the passage from which his text was taken. Whenever he had leisure, his reading covered a large field. He generally read by subjects, taking up some subject and reading the best books to be had upon it; and one who knew him could easily trace the results in the allusions or illustrations in his sermons or speeches at the time.

He was at all times able to make quotatious with remarkable facility. His training commenced in early life, for in his school-days the senior boys were in the habit of amusing themselves by "capping verses," as it was then called; and all through his life he used to write out and commit to memory passages in prose and verse. The thoughts thus fixed in his mind in this habitual course of general study, and the passages stored up in his memory, he was accustomed to bring out, without any apparent effort, and thus to add point and freshness to a speech or sermon.

The sentences which he wrote out related frequently to the Christian life or ministry, or to the art of speaking, and to the qualities of mind and body,

favourable or otherwise, for its cultivation. The following striking and suggestive passages are taken from some of his books:—

"The great orators confined their attempts to affect and persuade, and their having been always simple, is that which will always render them great; as shade in pictures shows the luminous parts to more advantage, so the plain and simple in speaking recommend and heighten the sublime."

"Abstinence in diet was one of Milton's favourite virtues, which he practised invariably through life, and availed himself of every opportunity to recommend in his writings."

"True eloquence never dazzles the fancy, but insensibly works itself into the soul."

"All men are orators when they feel; the language of the heart has an unction and an energy which no eloquence or sublimity can reach."

"He who acquires the habit, and has the opportunity, of addressing, with confidence, assembled numbers of his fellow-men, will, if he has self-possession, faithfulness, and skill, exercise, by God's blessing, a mighty influence on society."

"That is the best pulpit which does most good to the greatest number of people."

"The wonderful always pleases, as is evident from the additions which men always make in relating anything, in order to gratify the hearers."

"It is astonishing what one person may do by the mere influence of his own example; how many he may stimulate; how many he may encourage."

"Be earnest, be manly, be natural."

"What indeed are all the attainments of the scholar and the gentleman, of the philosopher and the orator, compared with the labour and power of a minister leading the soul directly to the fulness of Christ."

"Success in the ministry is connected with holiness more than with any other gift of the Spirit, *i.e.*, love of Christ and love of souls."

"Your progress in Christian eloquence will be in proportion to the intensity of your love to Christ and love to souls."

"Christ represents Himself as dwelling in the poor, and in prisons and places of want, and if we would find Him, we must go there."

"Elliott resolved that he would leave something of God, and heaven, and religion wherever he went."

"The estimable and scarcely less important qualities of uniform courtesy of demeanour, evenness of temper, and kindliness of habit."

"I will simply express my strong belief that that point of self-education which consists in training the mind to resist its desires and inclinations until they are proved to be right, is the most important of all, not only in things of natural philosophy, but in every department of daily life."—*Faraday.*

"A man is never so much a man as when he becomes most in heart a child."

"The truth, full, and clear, and simple, rushing and gushing from earnest, honest hearts, is the mighty instrument with which God moves, and melts, and moulds the minds and souls of men. In every age, and country, and class, its power has been felt and acknowledged, and its effect and result has been seen among the people."

"Pray oft, and ardently, and urgently to God through Christ, for the people, and preach oft, and ardently, and urgently from God to the people."

"A good man is never sure that heaven is at an hour's distance from him."

He was in the habit every year of presiding at the annual religious meetings held in Cork in the spring, and generally at the closing meeting, which was that of the Irish Society, on Friday afternoon, gave an address bearing on the meetings and the topics of the day. In the year 1866, a time of danger and anxiety for the Church in Ireland, he delivered an address, from which the following is an extract, as it was reported:—

"You know I take a deep and cordial interest in this Irish Society. I think justice has not been done, in the accounts we have sometimes heard, to the Irishman *abroad*. If I wanted to see a lion I

would not go to a menagerie, and see a wretched-looking half-fed animal, with half the hair off him. I would go to his native forest, and see him stalk in his wild home, toss his head and mane, lashing his sides with his tail, making the forest ring and resound with the thunder of his roaring. If I wanted to see an eagle, I would not go to an aviary and see a miserable, half-starved bird, about the size of a turkey. No; I would go and see him stretching his broad pinions on the air high above his native crags and peaks. If I want to see an Irishman—one of the old nobility, one of the ancient aristocracy of Ireland, I find him on his own grand and noble hills, I find him in the mountains of Kerry, or on the hills of Clare, the descendant of the real Fenians—the *loyal* Fenians of olden time. I am as familiar with Fenians and Fenianism, *in story*, as with the people's faces around me. My youth was spent hearing of them—I loved to read of the Fenian warriors and Fenian chieftains of ancient Ireland. Many a story I heard in my youth of the loyal Fenians, always praising their stature, and the breadth of their shoulders, and the calves of their legs, their muscular development, and their prowess on flood and field. The Celt is most imaginative; he is also poetic and large-hearted. If you ask a Celt for a drink of water, he may give you a mug of milk; if you ask for a potato, he may give you an egg with it.

> ' Here to the houseless child of want
> My door is open still,
> And though my portion is but scant,
> I give it with good will.'

Where did Goldsmith get that idea ? From the Celt. It was from seeing the Celt, and coming in contact with him. Almost every beautiful image you find in Goldsmith he got from the Celt. The Celt is fond of stories. They always begin with, ' There was a time long ago, and long ago it was ;' or ' Once on a time, and a very good time it was,' and then the story goes on. What book is so full of stories as the Bible ? What book with such poetry—real, pure, and simple poetry ? And when the poor Celt gets hold of the Bible, there is very little trouble in inducing him to read it. There are some few hundred thousand that speak Irish only, in this country, but there are hundreds of thousands that speak a little English, and yet think in Irish. Now, there are a good many here who speak French, but do not think in French—they think in English ; and I always find that when people hear a person preach or lecture in Italian, or German, or French, or any language with which they may be only tolerably acquainted, they are inclined to say, ' How fast he talks,' because, although they may speak the language, their mind cannot follow the rapidity of the discourse, from being accustomed to think in their own tongue. Now, there are, at the

least, 800,000 people who think in Irish, and those people's minds and understandings cannot be effectually reached through the medium of the English tongue. The Irish love their language. It has a magic and music for their ears—it has an inspiring influence on their minds. You remember when the gallant 88th (the Connaught Rangers) charged in Spain, how they cried *faugh-a-ballagh*, and turned the butt-ends of their muskets; and in a moment there was not a Frenchman to be seen. The Irishman is as brave as he is generous—he never likes to be beaten in anything. I heard of a Frenchman who had climbed up a mast, and stood on his head on the top. 'Now,' said he to an Englishman, 'will you do that?' But the Englishman prudently declined; and so did a knowing Scotchman, who was also challenged to the feat. But an Irishman, who was not to be outdone, went up and tried to stand on his head on the mast, but down he tumbled on the deck. 'Now,' said he to the Frenchman, 'will you do that?' The Celt is a great admirer of learning and attainments in others. You remember the village schoolmaster:—

> 'While words of learned length and thundering sound,
> Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
> And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> How one small head could carry all he knew.'

I have seen a village schoolmaster that taught young priests and prepared them for Maynooth; no one took any notice of him so long as he was merely teaching English, but when the time came to hear them their Horace or their Virgil, the rustics all flocked round with their mouths open to hear the Latin, although they did not understand one word of it, and although this fellow was the worst Latin scholar I ever saw take a book in hand, they thought he was the greatest scholar on the face of the earth. It was a very primitive place. The way they found out the time of the day was by the hens going to roost.

"I am now forty years in the ministry in Ireland. I have been on intimate terms with some of the most gifted spirits, and accomplished minds, and virtuous ministers who graced the history of the Irish Church. I have been intimate with many of the laity also—men distinguished for manly virtue and Christian grace. My Christian friends, you all know during that period our service was characterised by simplicity. The worshippers were remarkable for simple piety and Christian fervour, and our clergy, those distinguished amongst them, and eminent for piety, learning, and wisdom, were characterised, not by any peculiar or particular kind of dress, endeavouring to make themselves like, or resemble, in order that they might sometimes be mistaken for, ministers of another and a very different Church. These, the

most intellectual, and best-informed, and accomplished, and pious ministers I have known, men whose heads and hearts were stored with God's eternal truth, did not desire to be known by any peculiar or extraordinary manner of conducting the services, by the dress which they wore, or by the doctrines which they preached—did not desire, I say, to be known as distinct, and separate, and apart from their faithful brethren, or to be mistaken in the pulpit, or out of it, in the desk, or out of it, or to be confounded with, or mistaken for, any persons having sympathy with or approximation to the teaching of another Church. They did not seek to have union with anything or anyone not having agreement with primitive antiquity, or with those not making it their glory and delight to preach Christ, through Christ, for Christ, Him first, Him last, Him midst and without end, from morn to noon, and from noon to dewy eve.

"My dear Christian friends, it is good for us, and useful for us, to know that the eyes of the laity are on us, and the ears of the laity are open to what we say; and the laity are determined that we will neither force nor allure them, nor draw them, nor induce them, nor incline them, nor dispose them to a participation in anything having a resemblance to, or a similarity to, the forms and doctrines of a Church that is not reformed, that Church from

which our ancestors separated, who transmitted to us as our birthrights, rights that we value, and are valuable more than houses, more than lands, more than titles, more than crowns or kingdoms. If men take from us our houses, our lands, our raiment, our gold and our silver, and leave us the truth, my Christian brethren, they leave us that which is worth ten thousand worlds, and take only dross. With gold and silver, with houses and lands, we may be miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked in spirit; but with the truth in our hearts we have God our Father, heaven our home, eternity our lifetime, and the Lord is the strength of our life and our portion for ever. Laymen, I charge you to have a sharp eye in these days of danger and monstrous inconsistency. I charge you to see that the parish churches, handed down to you by your ancestors, shall not be made by prelates, priests, or people, mere show places. I charge you to see that the noble service we have received from our ancestors, embalmed in immortal truth, be not turned into an opera, and that the clergy be not mere performers, actors, for the people to look at, going through their circumvolutions, giving them posture for pasture, or imposture for truth.

"My dear Christian friends, I have great reason as a bishop to be thankful for the blessing of having my lot cast amongst a clergy and a people free from

this babyism. How is it that three hundred years after the Reformation many are endeavouring to substitute for our ennobling, and exalting, and scriptural service, one which appeals merely to an inferior faculty—the faculty of taste? Are we to have a sensuous or, to use a hard word, an Æsthetic service, instead of one purifying the heart, enlightening the understanding, and elevating the soul? I shall never forget the passage of a great preacher speaking of that Church to which these men seek to assimilate ours—'She was indeed a proud and glorious galley, the burden and terror of the mighty deep! but she lies on its water now a dismasted hulk—her pendant sweeps the seas no more. The strong blast of the Reformation has rent away her mast and mainsail, rope and rudder. The mighty rushing winds of heaven are abroad, and assail her from every point of the compass. England, Scotland, all the north, and half the east of Europe, hold her in chase, and every shot they send through her rotten timbers threatens to make her a wreck; on she drives before the storm and the foe, while her mariners, with desperate infatuation, run up and down her decks crying, "All 's well, all 's well! We hold the true course, we are certain of the port," till she strikes; she strikes, and she, her mariners and passengers, go down together for ever.' These are the words of a true Protestant. A great writer, in speaking of the Reformation,

says—'But to dwell no longer in characterising the depravities of the Church, and how they sprung, and how they took increase; when I recall to mind at last, after so many dark ages, wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the Church—how the bright and blissful Reformation (by Divine power) struck through the black and settled night of ignorance and anti-Christian tyranny, methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears, and the sweet odour of the returning Gospel imbathe his soul with the fragrancy of heaven. Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners, where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it; the schools opened; divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues; the princes and cities trooping apace to the new-erected banner of salvation; the martyrs, with the irresistible might of weakness, shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon.'"

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. FIN BARRE, CORK.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. FIN BARRE—EFFORT TO REBUILD—DESIGN—LAYING FOUNDATION STONE—DIFFICULTIES — COLLECTIONS — COLLECTIONS IN 1868—MR. CRAWFORD—MR. WISE—CONSECRATION, 1870—OPENING SERVICES—RENEWED EFFORTS—GIFT OF MR. WISE AND MR. CRAWFORD—BUILDING OF THE SPIRES—THE WEST FRONT—MR. CRAWFORD—PROGRESS OF THE BUILDING — MEMORIAL WINDOWS — OBJECT OF THE BISHOP.

At a meeting of the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral of St. Fin Barre, held on January 21st, 1862, it was unanimously resolved that the Cathedral should be rebuilt, and a committee appointed to effect that desirable object.

It had long been felt that the old building was not worthy of its object: it had been hastily built in 1735 on the ruins of one still older. The committee was formed, consisting of the Dean and Chapter and the leading noblemen and gentlemen of the City and County. At first they did not venture to hope that they would be able to raise more than £15,000, and they invited architects to send in designs.

Eventually, the design of William Burges, Esq., was accepted. It was proposed to erect part of the Cathedral at first, and afterwards, if funds admitted, to complete it.

About £9,000 had been promised when it was determined to commence the building, and on the 12th of January, 1865, in a piercing wind, and amid showers of snow, the foundation stone was laid by the Bishop. He was able on that day to add to the funds £4,000 from the amount left at his disposal by Mr. Spiller.

The work went on well for some time; but the contractor who had taken the first contract was unable to carry it on; so that the committee had many anxious deliberations, and for a time there was a cessation of the work. In the year 1868 a new contract was made, and it was determined to make a renewed effort throughout the whole diocese to collect funds.

It was suggested by the Chancellor of the Cathedral, Dr. Webster, that subscriptions should be asked for conditionally, that is, that the promise should be to pay, provided the whole sum then required, £21,000, was raised on or before the 1st of the following July—it was then the beginning of May. This plan was successfully carried out. Deputations visited different centres. Collections were made in almost every parish in the diocese. A great enthusiasm was kindled, and the people gave their offer-

ings willingly. Towards the end of June, William Crawford, Esq., gave £1,000, and within the last few days, Francis Wise, Esq., promised to make up what should be at the last deficient. This amounted to a donation of £2,600; so that, on the 1st of July, at a meeting at which the Bishop presided, it was announced that the required sum was made up. The work then went on well, even through that dark period when the quiet work of the Irish Church was all forgotten, and her existence as an Establishment made the subject of party conflict.

Many difficult questions arose from time to time, such as are incident to a work of this nature. There were many difficulties, but they were gradually overcome, and the church was ready for Divine service before the end of the year 1870.

The 30th of November, St. Andrew's Day, was fixed upon for the consecration. The shell of the choir and nave was then completed; the interior fittings were of a temporary character, and the towers and spires were not built. The style of the Cathedral is early French Gothic; it is in length 163 feet. The height of the nave to the ridge of the roof is 78 feet. The two western spires now rise to a height of 178 feet, and the central spire is fast rising to its height of 300 feet from the foundation. The Dean at this time was the Very Rev. Arthur William Edwards. Arrangements for the consecration were

made by the Dean and Chapter. The Archbishops and Bishops cordially acceded to the Bishop's wish, that they should be present, and the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin, the Bishops of Meath, Peterborough, Down, Limerick, Derry, and Tuam came to join the Bishop of Cork on this solemn occasion.

Special services, noble and hearty in their character, were held for three days. The Primate preached on the morning of the first day; the Bishop of Peterborough in the evening. The Archbishop of Dublin on the second morning, and the Bishop of Derry in the evening.

The Bishop himself preached on the following Sunday.

For some time after this, partly on account of the effect of the Irish Church Act, much progress was not made with the building, but in the year 1873, the work again went on; great care was taken as to all the details, that what was done should be done in the best way. The Bishop was thoroughly satisfied as to the ability and skill of the distinguished architect who had designed the building, and was throughout his warm supporter in carrying out the details in accordance with his original design. Complete designs were made by Mr. Burges for the stained glass, and for all the furniture of the building. These were considered one by one by the committee, and great care was taken both before and after the passing

of the Irish Church Act that everything should be done in accordance with the law, and that the necessary consents should always be obtained. Whenever any difficulty arose, the Bishop invited discussion upon it, and after conference, some fair settlement was agreed upon and accepted. About £40,000 had now been expended on the building, including the value of various gifts.

In the year 1875, the Bishop was anxious that an effort should be made to build the towers and spires, and before the anniversary service, which has always been held on November 30, he wrote to Mr. Wise on the subject. In the morning of that day he had an answer from Mr. Wise saying that he would give £10,000 for the purpose. The Bishop, who was at the time just going to the morning service, sent him back a message that he was very much obliged, but not satisfied. In the afternoon, he saw Mr. Crawford, who very kindly promised, likewise, £10,000, and before the hour of evening service the Bishop received a message from Mr. Wise to say that he would give a second £10,000, provided that a like sum were raised before the end of the year, but in the mean time the condition had been fulfilled, so that in the evening the Bishop was able to announce that £30,000 was at the disposal of the committee for the completion of the Cathedral. But it did not stop here, for at the anniversary service,

two years afterwards (1877), the Bishop was able to announce that Mr. Crawford had again given over £8,000 for the carving and sculpture of the West Front. Thus, very little short of £100,000 had been raised for the purpose of the building. The work now rapidly went on, and people hoped that the Bishop would be spared to see the Cathedral finished, in promoting the building of which he had taken so large a share. One of his last public acts, however, was to be present at the setting of the top-stone of one of the Western Towers. They were completed just as he entered into rest in 1878, in the bright days of spring. He had made great efforts to complete the building in various ways before his death; and as by the operation of the Irish Church Act all endowments were swept away, even from the Cathedrals, he was very anxious to raise such an Endowment Fund by voluntary contribution, and towards this, Mr. Crawford, in addition to his other munificent gifts, made a good beginning by presenting £1,000, which has been invested for the purpose with the Representative Church Body, in the hope that others will yet add to this beginning and create a fund necessary for the preservation of the structure and the carrying on of the services.

The Bishop, during the last few years, invited many friends to present gifts to the Cathedral; what he asked others to do he did himself, and in

doing this it was his wish to record in the Cathedral the names of some of the friends of his life, so that he himself presented one of the transept windows in memory of the Earl of Carlisle; and on other windows presented by him are recorded the names of well-loved friends: Joseph Henderson Singer, D.D., Bishop of Meath; Samuel Butcher, D.D., Bishop of Meath; Hamilton Verschoyle, D.D., Bishop of Kilmore; Robert Daly, D.D., Bishop of Cashel; Denis Browne, A.M., Dean of Emly; and Arthur Wynne, A.M., formerly Rector of St. Peter's, Drogheda.

The Cathedral is now approaching completion, beautiful in its form, substantial in its structure, and pure in its style; though not a large church, it is sufficiently so, taking into account the church accommodation in the city.

The Bishop threw himself with characteristic energy into its construction, as a lover of art, because he believed that the building of this beautiful church would tend to improve the taste of all who looked upon it, but above all, because he believed that the building of this Cathedral in troublous times would be to the glory of God, and would bind more firmly together the members of the Church of Ireland in the Southern Province.

CHAPTER XX.

ACT OF 1869—DISESTABLISHMENT—CONFERENCES WITH THE CLERGY AND LAITY — VISITATION CHARGE — HOPES — ENCOURAGEMENTS — RE-ORGANISATION OF THE DIOCESE — REVISION—REVISION COMMITTEE — BAPTISM — GENERAL SYNOD — INFLUENCE — WORK— CONSECRATION OF BISHOP OF OSSORY—CONFIRMATION TOUR—VISIT TO KILKENNY—LETTERS—CHARACTER OF HIS LATER PREACHING.

When the Irish Church Act passed, there was an evident necessity for united and vigorous action; but it was very hard for old men to throw themselves with heart and energy into a new system, and to be prepared to meet and provide for the ever-varying exigencies of the voluntary system.

The Bishop had been more accustomed to the voluntary system within the Establishment, as it may be called, than others, and with a freshness of mind and vigour that surprised many, he threw himself into the new state of things; but he never accepted, with any degree of satisfaction to his own mind, the principles of disestablishment and disendowment.

He never afterwards visited London in a public

capacity, or took part in the business of any public assembly there. He often said that he should not like to trust himself to speak.

Immediately after the passing of the Act, he entered into consultation with the clergy and laity of the diocese, and held conferences, to which all members of the Church were freely admitted, in Cork, Mallow, Fermoy, Youghal, Bandon, Skibbereen, Clonakilty, and other places. He never showed any distrust of either clergy or laity. He trusted them, and they trusted him. The consequence was, that the raising of the Sustentation Fund commenced at once in this diocese, and the re-organisation of the diocese proceeded rapidly.

In his Charge, delivered in the autumn of 1869, he thus speaks of what was taking place, of the hopes which were disappointed, and of the duties which were pressing. He commenced his Charge in these words :—

"Upon an ordinary occasion, it might be well for me, and would perhaps be my duty, to direct your attention mainly, to matters connected with the diocese; this, however, I think right to do only slightly at the present. Questions of graver importance, of greater magnitude, and of more momentous consequence than belong to any diocese, must naturally engage, if not engross your attention now;

questions which, if wisely and rightly handled and disposed of, must affect not only this diocese, but also the character and condition of the Irish Church for years, if not ages yet to come. You have already not only thought, but read and heard much, I feel assured, on these questions, and will therefore the ess require that I should address you at this time at more than very moderate length.

"I have much reason to be thankful, and I hope I am so, for the spirit that has been manifested throughout this entire diocese, both by laity and clergy, since public calamity has befallen them; a spirit of moderation and good feeling, a spirit of cordial union and fraternal love. Notwithstanding the many *bitter* things which have been said, and the many *painful* things which have been done, the spirit of Protestants is still unbroken, their demeanour dignified, their love of country is unabated, and their attachment to the Church, if possible, increased—the Church of their fathers which they prized and loved so dearly, 'in sorrow doubly dear,' they prize and love the more. They are grieved for the breach which has been made in her walls, but determined, as best they may, to repair them.

"I think all will admit that great improvements have been made in our churches; that there is much solemnity in the services, order and decency in the congregations, that deep interest is felt and mani-

fested for the welfare of the people, and for the progress amongst them of intelligence and truth. Nowhere else in the Island, I am persuaded, will be found more than with us, obedience to the laws, quiet and order in the churches, and willingness on the part of the people to contribute according to their means, to whatever appears to them wise and good. So will it ever be—in proportion as there is a zealous and faithful clergy, may we expect to find a just, and generous, and devoted people.

"We had fondly hoped that many years for honourable effort after further improvement were in store for the Irish Church, and that men might hereafter witness by her means, the happy results of evangelical teaching and primitive order, in the still greater progress of the people, in piety and religion, resulting in security and tranquillity in the land. But

'Old times are gone, new manners come.'

Such blessing was not to be in our way. That hope is for the present somewhat blighted, and that career for a little checked. But it may please the Almighty in His mercy, and I trust it will, to accomplish these things at another time, and by other means than those which to us seemed wise and good. Better, far better will it be for us now, in our day of trial, not to waste precious time in bewailing our

loss, or finding fault with what was done. The time for wail, as it seems to me, is past, and the time for work is come. The past you cannot recall, what is done you cannot undo; but you *can*, if you *will*, present to the world the goodly spectacle of heroic virtue and manly struggle, and achieve, it may be, for yourselves an honourable name. 'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.'"

And again, in the same Charge, he puts forward the view which he took from the first of the question of Revision of the Formularies, which was so soon to be raised in the General Synod:—

"The Constitution and Creeds of the Church are settled, *them* we cannot alter; the Word of God is truth; we dare not add thereto, nor take therefrom. The Prayers we cannot improve—they breathe the spirit of devotion itself. We need no new doctrines, and we can give up none of the old. We need no new Sacrament, we have *the two*. We need no new orders, we have *the three*. We need no new authority, we have *the authority* of God. But we need to hold fast and intact all that we have. We need no *more*, while we have the Bible as the measure of our faith, and the Prayer Book as the manual of our devotion. We can know God's mind by the one, and tell Him our minds by the other. So shall we

best preserve and promote true religion; the religion of our fathers, of truth and reason all compact; a religion primitive and apostolic, with no taint of earth, and smelling fresh of heaven; a religion hoary with years, and lustrous with glory. So shall we have Churchmen not feeble and fanciful, as some we know, feeding on husks of man's device, but men of vigorous mind and of common sense, nourished up in words of immortal truth; and ministers also may we have in our pulpits of breathing thoughts and burning words, to stir the heart and urge to action."

When the question of Revision was raised he did all in his power, with others, to persuade men that it would be far better to defer the consideration of a subject so difficult, but other counsels prevailed, and it was felt that it was necessary to agree to the formation of the Revision Committee. On this Committee he sat, and constantly attended its meetings, but was always opposed to the making of any doctrinal alterations.

When the question of Baptismal Regeneration was under discussion, he offered, as a resolution, the following words which contain an expression of what his own view of the subject had long been. He never adopted the hypothetical view, as it is called, which is held by so many who in other matters agreed with him :—

"That no change be made in the use of the words 'Regenerate' and 'Regeneration' in the Baptismal services, and that the following Rubric be added—The Church doth not particularly declare by the words 'Regeneration' and 'Regenerate' that any change is made in the nature of the persons baptized, but doth use the terms in accordance with ancient usage, as applicable to the spiritual benefit received, or favourable state as regards their salvation, into which persons are brought in and by the Holy Ordinance of Baptism."

As is well known, many other solutions were also proposed, and in the end rejected.

In the meetings of the General Synod he spoke little. On one occasion, however, a speech which he delivered had much of the old fire. The question was the alteration of the Absolution in the Service for the Visitation of the Sick. He had proposed an amended form, which he had brought forward in the Revision Committee, and again proposed in the General Synod.

During all these years he carried on his work in the diocese with unabated vigour, truly giving himself to prayer and to the ministry of the Word, so that there are few who will not readily admit that the Bishop's work and influence, and the spirit which he was enabled to throw into all the assemblies in

the diocese was one main cause of this diocese taking a foremost place in the work of re-organisation.

On the 30th of March, 1875, in company with two well-loved friends, Dr. Butcher, Bishop of Meath, formerly Rector of Ballymoney, in the Diocese of Cork, and the Hon. and Right Rev. Charles Bernard, Bishop of Tuam, formerly Rector of Kilbrogan, also in this diocese, he assisted the Archbishop of Dublin in the Cathedral of St. Canice, at the consecration of his son, the writer of this sketch, as Bishop of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin. To speak of his loving-kindness and wise counsel on this and other occasions I cannot, suffice it to say, that he took deep interest in the welfare of the diocese, and in the work of the new bishop.

The Rev. Achilles Daunt succeeded at this time to the Deanery of Cork. His work in Dublin had already told upon a constitution not the strongest, and the Bishop welcomed back to Cork one of kindred spirit with himself.

In August, 1876, he made his last Confirmation tour throughout the diocese. To visit the different centres in the west of the county it was necessary for him to take a carriage for a fortnight, and to drive long distances through a region of striking beauty. If the weather was fine he always greatly enjoyed this tour. On this occasion he was accompanied by

his son-in-law, the Rev. S. O. Madden, now Dean of Cork, who wrote, at the time, the following graphic account of the journey :—

"Leaving the region of railways, the Bishop of Cork started from Dunmanway for Drimoleague in a storm of wind and rain. A drive through the Western Highlands had no charm that day, and they were sturdy Protestants who came to their handsome church in such a tempest, as come they did. Although Mount Owen, 'the Hill of Streams,' at the foot of which Drimoleague Church stands, thoroughly justified his name and filled his four streams to over flowing, yet a large congregation assembled to meet the Bishop, and took part in a hearty service; frieze-coated men and blue-cloaked women, unknown in city churches, listening, with deep attention, to the Bishop's address. Leaving the new and hospitable glebe of Drimoleague, close to which a large gang of navvies were working like ants on the Ilen Valley Railway, the Bishop proceeded, in glorious weather, to Bantry. Who that has not seen can imagine, or who that has seen can worthily describe, the view which bursts into sight on the hill-road leading down to Bantry, the town of 'the white strand'? Mountains, many majestic woods, islands, all bordering on or set within that matchless bay, that reaches out her arms for thirty miles to meet the billows of the

western ocean, within whose harbour the navies of the world might ride secure! Does the enterprising Mr. Cook know of this magnificent place? Reader, who has gone north to Oban, clambered up Snowdon or the Drachenfels, met mists on the Rigi, here is something better only a day's journey from home, and you have never seen it! After a well-ordered service in Bantry Church, where the canticles were chanted tunefully, distinctly, devotionally—*O si sic omnes*—the Bishop drove to Glengariffe Castle, and spent the night in that lovely place where, if anywhere, there is 'the sameness of splendour.' On Friday an early start was made for Castletown Berehaven, the road to which, over the spurs of the sugar-loaf, along the base of 'Hungry Hill,' by the waters of the great bay, is indeed superb, though at certain places apt to border on precipices and to try timid nerves. During the Bishop's drive, his coachman suddenly pulled up on the side of a steep hill with a lake close to the road, jumped off his box, bounced over the fence into a turnip field, and gave chase to a wandering cow, who, as active as himself, led him a stiff race over fields and fences until he succeeded in driving her back to her companions. Doubtless, this spontaneous act was neighbourly, and certainly amusing to look on at, but the driver might have said a word of apology for so unceremoniously leaving the Bishop of Cork on a wild mountain-road,

close to lakes and precipices, and at the mercy of his horses, who might have given a startling termination to the episcopal tour. However, the coachman resumed his seat with much *nonchalance*, and drove on, as if the most natural thing in the world was for him to take an occasional hunt after a wild cow.

"Half way between Glengariffe and Berehaven is Adrigole, beautiful as its name, lying at the head of a small bay, which washes the feet of Hungry Mountain, that grand square altar of rock, whose stone sides shine in the sun as if made of steel. Half way up the mountain lies a lake, from which a silver waterfall issues, and rushes down to the sea below. How many feet high must that fall be, half a mountain high!

"On Saturday, 5th, Berehaven's decent but uncomely church was well filled by the people of the West, and the life of both response and hymn showed that there parson and people are well knitted, and of one accord. Oh, for a week at Berehaven! where the Psalmist's words so often rise from the heart—'Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; Thy judgments like the great deep.' Oh, for time to visit Dunboy Castle, now, alas, untenanted, the last stronghold of the native Irish; to see the fatal spot where an O'Sullivan shot a Puxley in by-gone times; to visit the western entrance of the noble harbour, where the lighthouse, though high on a lofty rock,

is sometimes drenched by the mighty winter waves of the western ocean; to climb the path that leads up a mountain-side to the Berehaven Copper Mines, forked and zig-zag, and well named 'The flash of lightning road,' the parson's Sunday walk to service at the mines, and to see the matchless view from its top; to visit Ardgroom, the outlying post of our Irish Church, lonely but lovely, commanding a splendid prospect of the Kenmare river, and many such things in the far West. But the long way to Glengariffe must be again traversed, as Sunday is to be spent there. In the model Church of Glengariffe, the Bishop held a Confirmation at the Sunday morning service. The church was filled with tourists and others, and after the service and well-performed music, all present were much impressed, as the Bishop, at the close of his address, referred, with deep emotion and thrilling words, to the solemn, sad death of 'his dear friend and much-loved brother, the Bishop of Meath.' The western Trinity window of the church has been lately filled with stained glass, at the cost of the Bishop. The design is by the present incumbent, and in it the national emblem of the shamrock is introduced with much taste and effect. What diverse congregations worship from Sunday to Sunday in that little church at Glengariffe. A man may preach there to representatives of all the English-speaking people of the world as the year rolls round.

"Leaving Glengariffe Castle on Monday morning, the Bishop reached Durrus Church at noon, and confirmed forty-five young persons belonging to that great parish. The church was full to overflowing, and the chants and hymns admirably sung without organ or harmonium, no easy task for any choir.

"A drive through a splendid pass in Mount Gabriel, called the 'Gap,' brought the Bishop, late in the evening, to the well-known town of Schull, where on Tuesday he held a Confirmation for 143 persons in the large and modern parish church. It was indeed a sight to gladden a Protestant's heart to see Schull Church upon that Tuesday, crammed from wall to wall with Protestants of the farming class, thriving, independent, sunburnt, loving and loved by their aged pastor, who bears the weight of fourscore years, but is withal hale and hearty. One could feel that the Bishop's heart was stirred mightily that day as he preached to the people, who listened to him in the deepest silence.

"On Wednesday the Confirmation was held in Skibbereen Church, which was attended by a large congregation, and by many of the clergy. Oh, Skibbereen, Skibbereen, what a church you have! Did he call it out of its name, who spoke of it as a 'Bundle of absurdities'? But better things are coming. With the new railway, surely Skibbereen will have a new and beautiful church, when nearly

half the cost of it has been already offered by that true patriot and man of princely heart, who has done so much already for Skibbereen. O'Donovan's country and Castle Donovan, Lough Hyne and the Ilen river, all the splendid coast, rocks and islands, are close to Skibbereen. His memory must be like writing upon water who can forget his visit to that favoured locality, and to the hospitable friends he found there. Passing by the great slate quarries of Benduff, in full work, the Bishop reached Rosscarbery on Thursday, the 10th, and held a Confirmation there. Thursday night was spent with the Dean of Ross at Glandore, where church, bay, rocks, caves, islands, are simply perfect. How beautiful old Ireland is, and how apt her sons are to treat her as the poet Moore did, who sang her praises, but lived in London. On Friday the Bishop held his twentieth and last Confirmation in Clonakilty Church, where a great gathering of clergy and people were assembled. When it is said that Clonakilty Church is large, all has been said in its praise that can be said. In that rather uninteresting town the Roman Church is building a chapel of cathedral proportions, perhaps intending to make it a bishop's seat. Surely the intelligent incumbent of Clonakilty, who has evidently done so much already in caring for the spiritual edifice, will in due time be aided by his people in making some improvement in the old parish church, that it may

help, and not, as now, hinder devotion. The new organ has not yet been placed in Clonakilty Church, and the old one was used during the Bishop's visit. Both choir and organist rendered the music with a spirit and life that added much to the conduct of Divine service at the Confirmation. Always excepting the building itself, the Bishop must have deemed the Confirmation at Clonakilty a fitting and worthy termination to his Western tour."

He paid more than one visit to Kilkenny during these years, and preached in the old Cathedral of St. Canice, as well as in the Parish Church of St. Mary, where, at his suggestion, during the restoration of the church, a pulpit was erected in memory of the Rev. Peter Roe, beloved for his work's sake; and many will remember the vigour with which the Bishop preached there in the autumn of 1876, when the church was re-opened for Divine service.

He preached in the Diocese of Cork as frequently as he ever did, and his preaching seemed to increase in earnestness and solemnity, as he evidently realised that his time here was short, and frequently he spoke of it. His sermons were more and more directly drawn from Holy Scripture; in the study of which he had lived. How his eye did brighten! and how soft were the tones of his voice, when he dilated on the greatness of the love of Christ—when he

spoke to the young—when he pleaded with them as an aged man standing on the borders of the promised land.

He was still a student, reading as he ever did; but, as year after year his sight was not so good, he confined himself more and more to the study of the New Testament, and many will remember, as they came up to the Palace, seeing him, as he walked up and down in the pleasure-ground, with a little Testament in his hand, ever with a friendly greeting for all who came, and ready to enter into any business which might be put before him. There was an intense reality about his preaching and his ministry in these later years; the people seemed to feel it. The words he spake were words of power; many acknowledged with thankfulness, that his ministry then, and in earlier years, had been to them a means of blessing. Messages such as those, which he occasionally received, cheered him, although he never spoke of them, except to those nearest to him. I may mention one or two instances. A very poor woman, to whom he used to speak years ago in Irish on the shore at Kilkee, sent him this message —"Tell him he sent a thought of Christ through my heart, and I thank him for it." The following is an extract from a letter to him, dated in 1873:—

"About twenty-seven years past, I was passing Trinity Church, on Good Friday. I did not know

that it was a church; but seeing people going in, I went in also. You preached from 'It is finished,' John xix. 30. God blessed that sermon to my soul."

Another letter, dated 1871, from Coromandel Auckland, New Zealand, begins thus:—

"Nearly forty years ago you preached a sermon, which was, I hope, blessed to me. I have been ordained," &c.

Many other such instances I might tell of. He received, also, many letters from those who had formerly heard him, asking for counsel and advice; these letters he always replied to carefully and kindly. The blessing of God seemed to accompany the words which he spoke and wrote.

His step was still light, and his movements were quick; and during the whole of the year 1876, and the beginning of 1877, he did work that would have tried a far younger man: taking long journeys, constantly preaching, regularly attending to the business of the diocese, and interesting himself greatly in the completion of the Cathedral. Many who saw him thought that there was the promise of years of active labour.

CHAPTER XXI.

LAST YEAR—ILLNESS IN 1877—RECOVERY—RETURN TO CORK—LAST CHARGE—PREACHING—SPIRIT OF HIS WORK—MEMORANDUM—LAST SERMON—ILLNESS—ORDINATION—MEETING FOR INCURABLE HOSPITAL—VISIT TO LISSARD—TOP STONE OF WESTERN TOWER—VISIT TO DUBLIN—RETURN—INCREASING ILLNESS—LAST DAYS—DEATH.

In the spring of 1877, the first sign of a failure of strength appeared. He went up to Dublin to attend the Annual Meeting of the General Synod, and was staying at Kilbarrack House with his brother-in-law, Mr. Samuel Law, when he got what seemed at first to be a chill. For some days he was very ill, and there was a threatening of congestion of the lungs. After a time, however, he shook it off, and began to improve.

He spent some weeks at St. Fenton's with Mr. Hawkins, enjoying the pure air of Howth, where he gradually recovered, and seemed to regain his usual strength; but those who knew him well could not but feel anxious about him. However, he returned

to Cork full of plans for work, and no persuasion would induce him to make less exertion, or to preach less frequently than he had been accustomed to do.

He held his Visitation and the Meeting of the Diocesan Synod as usual in the autumn, and at the Visitation, as failing strength to write and failing sight to read, made it difficult for him formally to address the clergy, he spoke to them in words of peculiar solemnity, which seemed to be, as it were, a summing up of the teaching of his life. The subjoined extract is taken from the report, which was afterwards published :—

"I would wish to speak now in the spirit of that verse which the Precentor read in the second lesson of the day (2 Thess. iii. 1), 'Brethren, pray for us.' You see that the Apostle himself with his high gifts and his high attainments, and his great grace, and his graces, throws himself upon the people, his favourite people, I think, they were, the Thessalonians. 'Pray for us, that the Word of the Lord'—that is the Gospel of the Lord Jesus certainly—'the Word of the Lord may have free course'—you Greek scholars know the original word, run, rapid motion, spread fast, quick, through the people—'and be glorified, even as it is with you,' the foremost spiritual Church, the Church of the Thessalonians. I wish to address you thus to-day. Another passage is

that in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians. Towards the close, the Apostle says to the Gentile Church, 'Christ in you.' That was the riches of the glory and the riches of the mystery. 'Christ in you:' that was the pearl of great price. 'Christ in you, the hope of glory.' That was the future—the future of meeting Christ, being with Christ, seeing Christ, glorifying Christ through eternity, the grand hope that is laid up for the saints. And then, he says, 'whom,' that is, Christ, 'the hope of glory,' 'we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect,' that is τέλειον, at his full height, his full standard, his full maturity.

"You know, Greek scholars, that that means fully developed, fully grown, raised up to the proper height and proper stature. 'May present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.' 'Whereunto,' he says, 'I also labour'—it is the verb κοπιάω—'according to his working which worketh in me mightily.' It is in that spirit I wish to address you; and let me quote one more text, wherein the Apostle Paul speaks of the good minister of Jesus Christ. In the third chapter of the second Epistle to Timothy, the aged Apostle, in addressing his beloved Timothy at the close of his earthly career, lays down a rule for him and all future ministers, I think, and all future Bishops, when he pronounces that elaborate, that beautifully angelic

verse, 'Thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation.' And again: 'All Scripture is . . . . profitable for doctrine (*διδασκαλίαν*), for reproof,' convincing the mind, 'for correction,' setting people right, 'for instruction,' that is discipline, bringing up as a child, in righteousness; 'that the man of God,' that is the minister, 'may be perfect,' perfect man, of perfect mind, of perfect tongue, perfect in everything in the eyes of heaven, perfect, 'throughly furnished,' the Greek work is furnished out of the Scriptures, 'unto every good work'—as the pastor in the chamber of sickness, in the chamber of sorrow, at the bed of death, and in the solemnity of the graveyard. 'Throughly furnished.' Oh, how beautiful a thing it would be to see it—God grant me forgiveness for my ten thousand times ten thousand imperfections in that respect, and to us all. But still the capability is in us of going on stage by stage, step by step, until we may be brought to a goodly height in the ministry of God.

"Then he says, 'I charge thee,' solemn thing that charge, 'before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead . . . preach—*κήρυξον* is the word in the original—'the word.' That is to be the business of the Bishop and the business of the Presbyter. That is to be the business—the great business. 'Stand,' He says, 'in the

temple and speak unto the people all the words of this life,' that is the Gospel. May God grant you, my Christian brethren, to imbibe that spirit, and to go on more and more in the spirit of these texts, and may God the Spirit accompany these suggestions to you, and bless them to your souls, for Jesus Christ's sake.

"I read certain texts, speaking of warning and teaching, and sought to press them upon you. Oh! for the warning voice, the teaching spirit, the power from on high, that we might worthily bear testimony to Jesus, and preach His truth, and feed His flock, and train up His people for the 'bright inheritance of saints, Jerusalem above;' that 'we might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.' For this high aim and this great effort, and towards this great end, what can I better do *now* than 'commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified'? I so commend you to God in prayer for unction for yourselves, to the word of His grace, in study for food for your souls. To God in prayer for the people, and to the Word in study for truth and light and fire, to inform their mind and inflame their heart. Be much in prayer, and you will have power with God; be much in study of the Word, and you will be mighty in the Scriptures, and have power with man.

"Such heavenly employment, and devotedness, and absorption in the truth must have characterised, as it seems to me, the ancient worthies of the Church—those heroes of sacred story, who left marks on their day and generation, and indeed on all generations, thereby handing down their names to imperishable fame. In prayer and study of the Word, their minds were filled with the light of truth, their hearts were kindled with celestial fire. Thus saturated and surcharged with truth, and instinct with life, they became 'burning and shining' lights; they did violence to the Kingdom of God; they took the citadel of truth as if by storm; they carried their point, and multitudes pressed, urged and impelled, entered, all but forcing their way, into the Kingdom, and were saved. They poured out their whole souls into their discourses, and made the hearts of the multitudes feel that God was in them of a truth, and that more than a mortal influence went with their words, and swayed their minds. They thundered and lightened, and set all men's hearts on fire. It may not be given to us by nature or grace to come up to this high standard of excellence, to equal these men of renown, these men of might, mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. Their stately forms tower far above ours in the ministry of the Word; they won worthily the high prize of their calling, and shall for ever wear

gracefully their crowns. So let it be. But *why* may we not try to imitate their diligence, imbibe their spirit, and prayerfully endeavour to follow their high steps, and walk in their path? They were men of like passions with ourselves; they had the same difficulties to contend with that we have, the same enemies to encounter, the same battles to fight, the same wars to wage. The same heaven is open to us as was to them; the same throne of grace to draw near to; the same Spirit to work in our hearts as worked in theirs; the same Saviour to atone for our sins; and the same High Priest to plead for us as He did for them. The same royal road to heaven is by Divine power and love opened to us sinners now, and the same bright crown of glory is kept for, and awaits the faithful pastor *now* who tends and feeds the flock, as waited and was kept for them of old. 'Behold, I come quickly, hold fast that thou hast, that no man take thy crown.'

"In our comparatively weakened state as a Church, and our reduced numbers as clergy, we need, if possible, to be doubly faithful to the Master, to take heed to ourselves, and to feed the flock, the Church of God, 'which He hath purchased with His own blood,' to be examples to the people, and patterns of every good work. We need that all who love the Lord Jesus should, if possible, be more assiduous, more ardent, more anxious than ever they were; to

visit even more earnestly and lovingly the people of their charge; to preach to the people of all ranks and classes, as a door may be opened, and opportunity serve, and in season, out of season, to preach the Word, the pure, unadulterated Gospel of the grace of God, without addition, or alteration, or diminution. Let the people drink, so far as you are concerned, from pure living waters, from that clear stream of heavenly truth, flowing full and free from the fount of everlasting life, as it came from the Rock of Ages, from the lips of Jesus, not distorted, or corrupted, or diluted, discoloured, or dangerously qualified by human device, coming deleteriously and destructively, as I fear it too frequently does, from the erring hearts and tongues of some.

"Our high privilege, as you read, and, as I trust, know and feel, as ministers of God, as ambassadors of Christ, our bounden and imperative duty is—and woe be unto us if we do it not—to publish and proclaim, in all simplicity and solemnity, and it might be, and ought to be, with all gladness of heart and joy of spirit, a full and free salvation to sinners of every class and of every kind; a full and free pardon and forgiveness to the least worthy and to the most guilty, of every rank and degree, whoever they are, and wherever they be, through the blood and righteousness of our blessed Redeemer Jesus, who bore our sins, and their sins, in His own body on the tree—

who died, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God. May God make us all thus faithful to our Master, faithful to His people, and earnest, and urgent, and instant in preaching the Gospel from love to Christ, and love for souls. Time is short, death is near, and judgment follows. Now is our time, now is their time—our time of grace for preaching Christ, their time of grace for receiving Christ, and life, and salvation, through the blood of the Lamb. Let us work while it is day. Jesus waits to be gracious, and all is ready, and all may come. Salvation is ready, and all may have it. Heaven is ready, and all may enter. Brethren, are you ready, safe in Christ, having life, and wholly for Christ living?

> 'So shall you be
> For ever with the Lord.
> Amen, so let it be.'

"But are you doing what you can, that the people of your charge may be *so* ready too? May God enable you so to be, and qualify them and you finally to 'enter into the joy of the Lord'—'to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.' Finally, brethren, it seems to me now, looking back, as I can and do, over a ministry in city, town, and country, of over half a century, as if I did nothing worth doing all these years; as if I had been walking only upon the

mere border or margin of the fount of life, and had gotten only a drop, a taste, of the living stream; as if I was only touching the very surface of the great, the mighty, the wondrous, the stupendous theme of the Gospel of Christ; for other wonders cease to be wonders, yea, sink into insignificance, as compared with the Cross of Jesus—the Lord of Glory crucified for man. That cross stands in solitary grandeur, towers high above all in the history of our world, in majesty unapproached and unapproachable by anything created, or bestowed, or promised to our race here on earth. An unfathomable depth is in it of life, and love, and mercy, an inexhaustible mine fraught with all the richest treasures of the wisdom and knowledge of God hidden therein. This inexhaustible mine of grace and truth is opened for the sons of men in this kingdom of God's dear Son. All the treasures are for us, miserable sinners, and for our salvation. God grant that we may dig deep, and dive, and delve daily into this mine more and more for ourselves, our souls and bodies, and pray, and strive, and cry mightily to God, and strain every nerve to bring out of it, and up from it, for the people in our teaching and preaching, more of the boundless wealth, the priceless treasures, laid up for us, and for them, and for all, in its fathomless depth, to enrich for eternity precious and immortal souls.

"My dear brethren, let me, addressing you as your Bishop, almost, I may say, on the very borders of eternity, ask you to think of fourscore years through all the trials, and adversities, and dangers, and difficulties, and temptations of this world, I am spared so long in mercy once more to address such a numerous body of clergy in this our solemn Visitation. Oh, for the unction from the Holy One! oh, for the celestial fire of the Spirit, that it may accompany my words this day to your minds, to your hearts, to your spirits, through all your nature, that you may carry the influence of the Gospel, by the power of the Spirit, through every part of your parishes, through every part of your charge. May we, as the great Apostle of the Gentiles himself, be brought to feel ourselves slaves only, but slaves still of Jesus Christ, and yet, as such, rejoice, and feel, and regard ourselves honoured, elevated, ennobled, and exalted, by having the great privilege, the high distinction, the majestic pre-eminence, prerogative, and royalty, to which angel or archangel might well aspire, to preach to poor sinners the unsearchable riches of Christ. The Lord bless you all, for Jesus Christ's sake."

He held the annual Confirmation for Cork as usual, and on Nov. 8, confirmed 228 young people in the Cathedral.

He preached now continually during the months of December and January, sometimes twice on Sundays. In January, he preached in Christ Church, St. Luke's, St. Paul's, St. Peter's, and Blackrock; and on February 3, he preached in Passage Church, on the words, "Christ in you, the hope of glory," Col. i. 27. This was the last sermon he ever preached, a sermon remembered by many who heard it.

On the following Sunday he was to have preached in Glanmire Church, and it was only in the morning when totally unfit to go, that he consented to allow a messenger to be sent out to say he could not preach. From this time it was impossible for his friends not to feel the gravest apprehensions; there seemed to be a gradual decline of strength.

The following memorandum, which he wrote about this time, shows how he regarded his illness of the previous year, and the spirit in which he was resolved to work for the remainder of his time here below:—

"Come ye, yourselves, apart and rest awhile." When we do not, He makes us—well He does—1878.

"Christ is a study, therefore consider Him, Heb. iii. 1. Then aim at the simple, the solemn, the

sound, the sharp and short, in preaching Christ and His Gospel.

"Prayer fervent and preaching urgent.

"Christ died for all; all need to know it, and all ought to hear it, therefore, to all proclaim it with earnest heart, in simple language and solemn spirit, asking and expecting Divine help. Paul may plant, and Apollos may water, God only giveth the increase.

"Speak out freely from a full mind and warm heart, bent on exalting Christ, honouring the Holy Ghost, glorifying the Eternal Father, and winning souls, and building up the people of God."

On the 17th of March he held an ordination in St. Paul's Church. He only took such part in the service as was necessary for the Bishop to do, his strength did not permit of more.

Tuesday 19th, was fixed for the annual meeting of the Home for Incurables, an Institution in which he took a very deep interest, not only on account of its intrinsic worth, but because his daughter was deeply interested in it, and had been from the first one of the most indefatigable workers on its behalf; and at the same time the Committee were endeavouring to raise funds for the building of the New Hospital. He presided at the meeting, and concluded the remarks

which he made in the following touching words, spoken by one whose strength was ebbing fast away—

"Remember, kind friends, the weak, the suffering, the dying, the almost departing ones, found sympathy in the breast of Jesus, and He healed them all; noñe, no, not one, went unrelieved away. In this Home of yours may there be ever found from man mercy for the miserable, as there is there and every where else from God, grace for the guilty. Friends of the Home for Incurables, look up and hope; prayer is power; the cause of charity is the cause of God. Go on and prosper.

'Your way is plain and straight, that light is given,
Onward in faith, and leave the rest to Heaven.'"

On the following day he went out, accompanied by Mrs. Gregg, to Lissard, the residence of his friend O'Donovan, near Skibbereen, as he always felt refreshed by the bracing air, and enjoyed the mountain scenery of the western part of the county. The rocky character of the hills round Lissard, and the absence of trees, gave it a peculiar charm for him. He was anxious now to try what the change for a few days would do for him. Close to the house is a rock called by his kind host the Bishop's Rock, where, in the early morning, he used to walk up and down, and enjoy the view of the broken outline of the surrounding hills, and of the lake just below him, but now

it was quite different, he found the air too cold; he was not able to enjoy what always had a charm for him, and in a day or two he was obliged to return to Cork.

On Saturday, April 6th, at the request of the contractor, he went down to the Cathedral to be present at the setting of the top-stone of one of the western spires, and the following account is given of what then took place:—

"The stone having been placed in a convenient position, the contractor, Mr. Delany, handed the guiding-rope to the Lord Bishop, who lowered the stone to its proper place, amid loud cheering from those assembled.

"When the cheering had subsided, his Lordship said:—'Mr. Delany, I regret that I am able to say very little, for I have not been well; but it gives me a great deal of pleasure to be present on this occasion. This Tower, which you have called the Bishop's Tower, is not, properly speaking, the Bishop's Tower. It may be that you and the workmen have taken a fancy to call it so, because I gave that door beneath it. We are entirely indebted for these towers, and for the one which I hope will in due time be completed, to the munificence of Mr. Francis Wise, and of Mr. William Crawford. Properly speaking, this ought to be called the Crawford

Tower, as I proposed to Mr. Crawford; but his modesty was equal to his munificence, and he would not let it be called by his name. The other I wish to be called the Wise Tower, because it is owing to the munificence of Mr. Wise that it has been completed. Of course, I feel gratified at the desire to associate my humble name with a work which as it has gone on has afforded me very great pleasure. I feel deeply indebted to Mr. Delany, both for his bearing and for his devotion to his work, as well as for the beautiful completion which that work has already attained. I wish to express my respect for him, also for Mr. Sier, the able and assiduous Clerk of the Works. Our eminent and accomplished architect, Mr. Burges, so favoured in genius, is fortunate in this respect also, that his beautiful designs for the Cathedral have been thus far by all those employed under him so worthily and exquisitely carried out; likewise for the workmen, whose conduct has been most decorous—indeed unexceptionable—and has in every way deserved my cordial approbation. I am glad to see that all my fellow-citizens of every name shall have a work completed, which I hope will give them satisfaction, the external beauty and proportion, and I may say grandeur, of which will belong to them equally as to us who worship within its sacred walls. It has afforded me a pleasure, for many years now, that I should be connected with a

work which has given employment to so many of my fellow-citizens, whose industry and character are deserving of it. And let me repeat, in conclusion, to the workmen my very great respect for them, and thankfulness to them. I will thank Mr. Delany if he will have the kindness to apply these five pounds in whatever way he deems best—only that it shall in no way contribute to insobriety—to mark my respect for them all. I am sorry that my weak state of health at present does not permit me to say more than to assure Mr. Delany how pleased and how gratified I am at this event to-day. I venture to say, and I do trust that this work when completed will be for the glory of our common Lord and Saviour, and for the credit of this great city and county, in which we all take such a deep interest.'

"Mr. Delany having replied, the Bell-ringers of the Cathedral rang out a merry peal, and amid three hearty cheers for the Lord Bishop, and another three for Mr. Delany, the contractor, his Lordship returned to the Palace."

His friends and physicians would have now desired that he should have remained quietly at home, but the old energy prompted him to seek further advice, and he wished to go to Dublin to see his medical adviser there.

He went up to Dublin in the middle of April, and

stayed for a little time at Kilbarrack House; but now his nights were restless and disturbed. He could but seldom lie down, and the worn expression of countenance told a tale that it did not require a professional eye to interpret.

Different remedies were tried, but no good effect was produced, and on the 8th of May he returned again to Cork. As he came down on that day before breakfast, and walked up and down with elastic step, it seemed as if the vigour of mind and strength of will would not yield to the weakness of the body.

For two or three days he seemed to be much the same, and not to have suffered from the journey; but on the following Tuesday he was not so well, and on Wednesday alarming symptoms appeared.

I was summoned by telegraph that day from Kilkenny, and arrived in Cork on Thursday morning, having travelled by night; and when I came into the room where he was, seated in an arm-chair, unable to lie down, I shall never forget his fatherly greeting, when he took my hand in both of his, and said, "God be gracious to thee, my son." His family were now all with him, his eldest son having come over from England.

Days of restlessness and weary nights of wakefulness now followed. As we watched him through one stormy night—by one of those strange coincidences that often happen—one of the old poplar trees stand-

ing in the Palace grounds was blown down, taking with it a portion of the boundary wall: fit emblem of what was passing within the house.

Just at this time the gilt crosses were placed upon the western spires of the Cathedral, and when told that they looked well shining in the sun, standing out against the clear blue sky, he pointed upwards and said he would never see them, and asked his son and daughter, who were in the room, to go out and look at them, and tell him how they looked.

In the intervals of suffering, he was calm, collected, and cheerful. There were one or two matters of business which he wished to have settled, and when once they were arranged, he never spoke of them again. As it became more and more difficult for him to speak, he asked for a pencil, and wrote what he wished to say. Towards the end, what he wrote was sometimes in Latin. On Saturday he wrote down carefully his wishes on some important matters, and then referred to them no more.

He listened with pleasure to passages that were read to him. He enjoyed the noble words of the *Te Deum*, the grand expressions of which had ever a charm for him. When the first part of the Doxology was said for him, he took it up, and, with hollow voice, repeated the response, adding at one time the solemn words of the benediction, accompanying it with an expressive gesture, to mark that it was

addressed to all those who were present. He marked especially in his Prayer-book the Collects for the third and fourth Sundays after Epiphany, and desired that they should be read for him, joining earnestly in these words of prayer.

On Sunday, at his expressed desire, the Holy Communion was administered to him, and those with him, and he was able to join heartily in the solemn service. But the tide was ebbing, strength and power were day by day becoming less and less.

In the evening twilight his son-in-law sang sweetly for him some of his favourite hymns—"The sands of time are sinking," "For ever with the Lord," and "Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness." On one occasion he had repeated to him the text, "To depart and be with Christ is far better," when he took the pencil, and wrote, reminding us of his old habit of study, "To depart and be with Christ is much more better. (Original.)"

The first few verses of the third chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians seemed to be specially upon his mind. From time to time he wrote the thoughts which occurred to him, at one time this—"The strongest thing man does on earth is to trust in Jesus for life and salvation." On the Tuesday the two doctors were present—Dr. Edward Townsend and Dr. Hobart. He asked for a pencil, and wrote, "Life in Christ a gain; in Christ, in Christ for

ever," and handed it to each person in the room, asking them to assent to it.

He sat near the window, and liked to have flowers brought in to him, especially the pink hawthorn, just then in blow, which was always a favourite with him. From this time he could not take nourishment, and his strength was rapidly passing away, yet he recognised his little grandchildren when they came into the room to see him, and laid his hands upon their heads, although he could not speak to them. On Friday morning he recognised, too, his brother-in-law, Mr. Law; but from this time there was but little consciousness of what was passing, and on Sunday afternoon, May 26, 1878, just after the conclusion of the evening service in the Cathedral, where loving words had been spoken of him, and earnest prayer offered on his behalf, at twenty minutes past five, the last flicker of the flame went out. Calmly and peacefully he passed away, and entered into that rest that remaineth for the people of God.

CHAPTER XXII.

FEELING IN CORK—LINES BY REV. T. E. EVANS—FUNERAL—ADDRESS OF THE DEAN OF CORK—HIS ILLNESS—JOURNEY TO DUBLIN—TRINITY CHURCH—OLD FRIENDS—MOUNT JEROME—ADDRESS OF THE BISHOP OF CASHEL—CONCLUSION.

THERE was one who had lost the loved companion of a life. A family had lost a father, loving, wise, and noble. A wider circle had lost a friend, wise and faithful. A Diocese had lost a bishop, faithful and holy; but of this loss, and of what was thought and felt it is not for a son to speak, I must allow others to give expression to their sense of the estimation in which he was held.

The following touching lines are taken from a short poem, written at the time, by the Rev. T. E. Evans, the respected Rector of Inniskenny, in this Diocese :—

> " His was the gift of wondrous speech
> To rouse the heart by words of fire ;
> Skilful its secret depths to reach,
> And thoughts of loftiest aim inspire ;
> To wake the sinner from his sleep,
> And guide him to the cross to weep.

A hero from his youth, he fought
  Unaided, save by strength divine,
Life's battle, and the conquest wrought,—
  The praise, O God, alone be thine!
When shall we see his like again?
A warrior true,—a king of men!

In troublous times, a noble pile
  For worship in his See he rear'd;
No fairer shrine adorns our Isle!
  And oft our prayer he might be spared
To see its beauty all complete—
But he is not; such was not meet.

Fondly we strove to stay him here;
  But, happier far, a call was given
To waft him to a brighter sphere,
  On angels' wings, to rest in Heaven;
Where, sin and sorrow never known,
All, all is joy, and joy alone!

He fought the fight—his course he ran,—
  The faith he kept unsullied, pure—
In love and peace with God and man
  He lived, a steadfast friend and sure;
Large-hearted, fervent, and sincere;
Who can withhold for him a tear?

Servant of God, revered, beloved,
  Faithful, forbearing, wise to teach;
We mourn thee from thy See removed,
  No more to strengthen, counsel, preach.
Farewell! Thy monument shall be
Thy works, the noblest praise of thee!

We loved thee long, nor did we know
How much we loved, till thou wert gone—
Thy stately form—thy manly brow,—
Nature's nobility! Thy own
Sweet sunny smile, radiant with mirth
And play, test of thy Celtic birth.

No more we gaze on, yet shall keep
Thy image in our hearts, and pray
We, too, may live thy life, and sleep
With thee in Christ, the truth, the way;
No weary nights, no grief, no pain—
Farewell! Our loss thy endless gain!"

He had expressed his desire that his remains should be taken to Dublin, so that we felt at once that no option was left to us in the matter.

On Wednesday, 29th, just three weeks after his return from Dublin, at twelve o'clock, the clergy of the Diocese and many friends gathered at the Palace, and his remains were borne out, sadly and solemnly, by members of the Cork Church of Ireland Young Men's Society to the Cathedral.

As we passed up the crowded aisle of the Cathedral, and heard the solemn tones of the great organ, many a one in that great crowd recalled with deep feeling the interest he who was gone had felt in the building of that church, and the earnest words and faithful work of him on whose face they would look no more.

The remains were borne into the church by the

young men, and laid upon the beautiful mosaic pavement, in the choir, which bears this inscription :—

ANNO INCARNATIONIS DOMINI MDCCCLXXVII.,
HOC OPUS FACTUM EST EX DONO EPISCOPI.

It was not then quite completed, and was the last gift of the Bishop to the church he loved so well.

The first part of the service was read, and two hymns were sung, to which the Bishop had often alluded lately :—

"The sands of time are sinking ;"

and

"For ever with the Lord."

The Dean, Achilles Daunt, addressed those who were present in loving words, and those who heard his voice, and looked upon his worn face, could not but feel that he, too, would soon be called away, and that his life here would not be long.

They little thought, however, that in three short weeks the call would come, and that that shell, burnt out as it were by the too quick fire of a loving spirit, should be borne on the same journey to a like resting-place.

No persuasion could induce the Dean not to accompany the remains of the Bishop to Dublin.

He spoke in these words :—

"In addressing you, dear Christian friends, on this present occasion, I have made choice of a text of Scripture which seems to me to be appropriate and peculiarly suitable to us just now. You will find the words to which I refer in the 20th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and part of the 38th verse—'Sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more.'

"The scene described in these words is, doubtless, one of the most affecting of which we have any record in any history. It was emphatically a time of sorrow, because, brethren, it was a time of parting. It was a season of taking leave, of bidding farewell between those in whose hearts the links of affection had been strongly riveted for years gone by, and whose love—mutual love—in Christ had grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength. And now the time to say farewell had come, and he on whose saintly brow the light of heaven's sunshine seemed often to rest as he spake to them, in days past, of God's peace through Christ, now himself was about to lay down the cross, and to take the crown, and to enter into the home above—

'Where, beyond these voices, there is peace.'

"And so it was a time of sorrow. Brethren, it could not be otherwise. And such an occasion—so similar in many obvious respects—is that which finds us assembled here to-day. For why this vast assemblage? why these tokens of emotion? why these tearful eyes?—for I see not a few around me in this house of God. Why is it? Because we, too, are taking leave of one who, like that other glorious Bishop of souls, whose spirit he breathed, and whose steps he loved to follow, had gone in and out among us, preaching the kingdom of God. We are now saying farewell for time: not for ever. The tongue, once eloquent beyond that of most men, now silent, hushed; the eyes that used to flash with the fire of holy zeal, now glazed, and dim, and sightless; the strong frame—so strong, that we hardly learned to think of him as an old man until the other day, so full of life and vigour was he—his eye not dim, nor his natural force abated, now all laid in that narrow resting-place; and we speed it with sorrow on its way to-day, with emotion, with affection, with just and meet honour—the honour due to him and to his memory—'sorrowing most of all that we shall see his face no more.' And yet, my brethren in Christ, our sorrow, real as it is, is not without its compensating comfort concerning him who is gone. We can thank God that he is safe at home, beyond the troubles and stormy scenes of a fitful life. And then for ourselves

we can thank God, too, that we had him so long, that he was spared to us so many years, to stimulate our zeal, to kindle our love, to strengthen our faith, and to cheer us on by his example.

> 'Whate'er is lost, it first was won;
> We will not murmur nor impugn.
> Grief may be joy misunderstood;
> Only the good discerns the good;
> We 'll thank Him while our days go on.'

"But, brethren, we are here not only, as I understand it, to accord a fitting tribute of respect to the dead—the honoured dead—but to learn great lessons for the living. His sun—the sun of our honoured Bishop's earthly life—has set, but it has not set in darkness. It has left behind it a track of light, clear and shining light, to guide us and cheer us on our way. And 'he being dead, yet speaketh.' He speaks to us—our beloved and lamented friend and Bishop—from his coffin. And he speaks to us first as a man, what God's grace had made him—*a true man* in every relation of life during that long life of his, as a father, as a husband, as a brother, as a son, as a friend. Exemplary, honoured, beloved, irreproachable, the tenor of his way—his life—was that of one who truly walked with God. And, brethren, if we seek that same grace which made him what he was as a man, how much more of happiness—domestic happiness, social happiness—we would have among us to

thank God for, as time goes on. He speaks to us *as a Christian minister*. There are many of you here to-day, my brethren, in the ministry. Mark what a ministry was his! It was truly and unmistakably a successful ministry, in every sense of the word. Consciences awakened, lives of men reformed, sympathies evoked, generosity elicited, zeal kindled. Of that zeal we have a notable proof in this very house of God—that beautiful temple where we are assembled to-day. And then, above all, he left his mark, as we believe, on eternity, in souls gathered in and won to Christ. What was the secret of that success? It lay, I think, not so much in his eloquence, though he was eloquent beyond most men; it lay not so much in his power of reasoning, though he could reason well; it lay not so much in his knowledge of human nature, though he understood man thoroughly, as one might another. But it consisted in these two things—first, that it was his object, his avowed object, to exalt Christ—to put the Saviour in the foremost place; and we all, at least most of us, can testify how his eye would kindle, how his face was lit up, how his soul seemed on fire with words that would burn into men's hearts, as he dwelt on the love of Jesus—the length and the breadth, the depth and the height, of the Saviour's love to man. And then he was also careful, in every sermon he preached that mine ears ever listened to,

to exalt and to do honour to the work of the Spirit—to give a fitting place of honour to God the Holy Ghost, as the appointed agent for opening the hearts of men to a knowledge of sin, and then bringing them to the remedy for sin, in the precious blood of the Lord Jesus, which God in His love has provided for all men who will come, and who will be saved.

"*As a Bishop*, we all know what he was. His opinions moderate, but where truth was at stake, always uncompromising; his rule kindly, but impartial, and his labours more abundant. Even as time went on, he never seemed to tire in doing his blessed Master's work. And so it is, as I believe the Church of Ireland can testify, that in troublous times, when angry passions were awake, when party zeal was running high, and we were in great straits as a Church, this diocese of ours—calm, united, happy, and prosperous—could bear testimony to the love—the mutual love and confidence—that existed between the Bishop and those placed under his charge. But now he is gone. We are taking leave of his honoured remains to-day. My brethren, we sorrow, though not without hope, that we shall see that familiar face no more—that we shall hear that familiar voice never again. But still we may so endeavour ourselves, God enabling us, that we shall meet in the brighter land, in the better home, the house above, where God's children, now scattered abroad, shall be

gathered together in one. That we may be ready all of us, in that day, prepared to meet our God. Let us be ready now. That that day may not overtake us unawares, let us seek habitually to be prepared for it every day—our sins blotted out through a Saviour's atoning blood; our peace sealed with God in covenant love by redeeming grace; and our lives a just and due tribute given to Him who has the best right to all we have, and to all we are. And then, in the blessed time to come, in the sweet and glorious by-and-by, when we shall be gathered home, we shall meet him again in resurrection glory, and we shall learn in its fulness, as we cannot learn it and know it now, the felicity and the joy of being 'for ever with the Lord.'"

When we left the Cathedral a vast multitude had gathered outside, a grave and silent crowd. The clergy went first, the coffin followed on an open bier, as has long been the custom, on such occasions, in this southern town. The Mayor and several members of the corporation attended to show their regard and respect. The contractor for the works at the Cathedral, and all his men. A body of the Constabulary with their officers, and a great body of the citizens and others followed as we slowly passed from the Cathedral to the railway station. When we came opposite to the steps of the courthouse they were crowded by a vast mass of people, the poorest of the

poor. On that day, the respect shown by the Roman Catholic people of this city to the memory of an honest and single-minded man was strongly and honourably marked. As for an hour and a-half we walked through that great crowd, I did not hear an unkind, or even a light word spoken. The traffic in the streets was suspended, and all the respect that could be shown, was shown for the memory of him who was gone.

When we reached Dublin the remains were borne to Trinity Church, and there, amid the tears of many an old friend, were laid in the church, just in front of that pulpit which he loved so well, and from which he had so often proclaimed to sinners the unsearchable riches of Christ, and spoken to them of that summons which had now come for him.

In the morning, at 9 o'clock, we went forth again to Mount Jerome, accompanied by many, who had often listened to his words, and many a face could be recognised, marked with the marks of passing years, of those who had Sunday after Sunday found a place in the crowd in Trinity Church some seventeen years ago.

In the Chapel at the Cemetery service was read by the Bishop of Cashel (Maurice Day) who had long worked with him as a beloved brother, when Incumbent of St. Matthias', in Dublin; the Dean of Cork, and the Rev. Mervyn Archdall.

The Bishop of Cashel spoke to those who were present in these solemn words :—

"My brethren, it is not fit that the honoured remains of such a man as this should be laid in their last resting-place, without a few words being spoken of what our feelings are concerning him ; I do not want to attempt to take any review of the long and varied course which has now drawn to its close. I could not attempt to speak of what he was during all those—more than fifty—years, when he was among the foremost men of our church. Such a review would not be suited to this occasion, and I would not attempt it. I merely want to express on your behalf and my own what we feel at this moment. And there are just two feelings combined, I am sure, in all of us here present—praise and adoring gratitude to God for His grace signally manifested in this His servant. And we are not forbidden—it is right, it is becoming, it is what we cannot help—to join with that thanksgiving and praise—mourning for the loss that we have sustained. We thank and praise the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ for the quickening power of His mighty Spirit which came down upon the soul of His servant early in his life—which made him a living soul in the true sense of the word, living by the faith of the Son of God, and living in that faith steadfastly to the very end. We praise God for

the great sympathies given to that great heart and noble character, which, when sanctified by the Holy Ghost, enabled him to enter into all the feelings of those around him, and to comfort and to strengthen and to encourage them upon their course. We praise Him for the marvellous gifts whether of nature or of grace which were given to him—that 'tongue of fire' by which he moved the hearts of multitudes; and we praise God for that wonderful physical energy which enabled him to enter his eightieth year still young in strength and constitution. My brethren, we remember him here in this city for thirty years the earnest preacher of God's Word, the mighty man who addressed those thousands who hung upon his lips week after week, drinking in the precious truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We remember, too, that his sympathies and his efforts were not limited to those of our own communion, but that he sought the good of those who were in error, and spoke to them such addresses which they gathered to hear, so that many of them became afterwards devout and constant worshippers in his congregation. And we remember, too, that he was not the mere preacher, at all times with strength, and gift, and power, but that among all the people that put themselves under his instruction, he went forth in the days of the week the faithful pastor, seeking out those who needed his visits, not merely in the drawing-rooms of the rich,

or in the shops of tradesmen, but in the garrets of the poor and destitute, ministering to their temporal wants, and comforting them with spiritual comfort. We remember all these, the marvellous labours of that mighty mind and strong frame for thirty years in this city; and when it would seem that the time came to rest from all, then it pleased his Lord and Master to send him down to that large and populous southern diocese, and there as the chief pastor he laboured in the same spirit among them, still living for the glory of his Lord and Master, and living for the spiritual and temporal good of all who came within his reach. Down to the very end of his ministry it was so.

"The last sermon that he preached in his diocese was on a suitable text—the theme which occupied his whole ministry, 'Christ in you the hope of glory.' And those who heard that sermon were not only impressed at the time, as were all who heard it, but received blessing, some of them abiding blessing, in their souls as the seal which to the very end it pleased God to set on the ministry of His servant.

"And there he has left a material monument, that great Cathedral which has been raised by his exertions, and which, as long as the world lasts, will recall his name. But there and here he has left a more enduring monument. When the world and all that concerns it shall have passed away, there will be

the living souls found who were built up upon Christ, the only foundation. It will be his monument through eternity. It will be his joy at the coming of the Saviour. What is his joy and crown of rejoicing, brethren, may I not say to many here and to many there, 'Are not even ye and they in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ at His coming.'

"But, my brethren, while we praise God, and bow down before Him in adoring gratitude, rejoicing that He gave such a man to His Church on earth, and left him so long, we are not forbidden to mourn, and we must mourn this day over the mighty man gone from amongst us. If devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentations over him, we are not forbidden this day to mourn with our tears and bow down our heads as we gather round the bier of this honoured servant of God. We must remember with sorrow that familiar form shall be no more seen moving about amongst us—that we no more shall hear that voice which thrilled our hearts whether in public or in private. As friends we mourn him. His family mourn him. His diocese mourns him, for who shall fill his place? And the whole Church of Ireland mourns for one of her greatest sons and most eminent ministers. Others may be found—we trust that in the grace and goodness of God there may be raised up as great men in their way, and by

His grace and Spirit resting on them, as earnest and faithful ministers of the Gospel. But who ever shall see again the peculiar character and varied gifts of that honoured servant of God. He was a man in a century—a man rarely to be found. We thank God for him, and we mourn that our Church, and that the whole Church of Ireland, for it is not confined to our Church, has been left desolate this day. But oh, my brethren, we are to do more than this. Let us, too, honour his memory better even than with heartfelt grief in our souls. Let us honour him by seeking to imitate him, not in the gifts which he possessed, they are not given us—not in the wonderful position he held, and the influences which he exercised, they are rarely given—but let us imitate him in this, in the spiritual glory which sanctified and which made him truly useful in the service of his Master. Let us follow his great honour and love towards God's Holy Word. Let us follow the love that he had for the precious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Let us who are left in the ministry seek, in whatever way God enables us, to set forth in the same simple and heartfelt and earnest manner, those precious truths which gave life to his own soul, which gave life to his ministry, and which alone can give life to any ministry—and let us seek to follow him in zeal for his Master's service, in the self-denial with which, even in his old age—

that wonderful old age—he laboured still without ceasing and without failing.

"Here is the way in which practically we should show our reverence for his memory, to follow in the same spirit. May such a spirit ever abide in our Church. May it extend to every corner of our land. May God's Word be ever more honoured and widely known amongst us, and the people of our land, all of them, acknowledge it as the one sufficient guide to truth, and to life, and to heavenly glory. And may the precious truth of free salvation, through our Lord Jesus Christ, for all—all who are willing to accept it—ever sound forth amongst us, and the power of the Holy Ghost come down to bless the Word and make it effective wherever it is heard. The Lord send His blessing on us all, and grant us each in his own soul to learn the lesson which He would have us learn this day, the greatness of being a whole-hearted follower of the Lord Jesus, and the blessing when we are called away to enter into His glorious presence."

From many a tongue came the fervent response, "Amen."

We laid him down in sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection to eternal life, knowing that as he had lived, so he had died, trusting in the wondrous

mercy of God in Christ Jesus; and we remembered, as we wept, that it is written, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

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The Globe.

FEBRUARY 3, 1897.

DIED.

RYAN—At her late residence, 49 Isabella street, Toronto, on Tuesday, February 2nd, 1897, Jane Elizabeth, widow of the late James Shepard Ryan, Esq.

Funeral private. No flowers.

IN MEMORIAM.

"Life makes the soul dependent on the dust,
Death gives its wings to mount above the spheres."

On the 2nd of February Jane Elizabeth Lopdell, widow of the late James Shepard Ryan, was called to her eternal rest after a severe and distressing attack of grip, when in the eighty-fourth year of her age. Gentle and patient to the last, she passed on. Beloved and loving while with them, her family now mourn her departure while revering her memory. Mrs. Ryan's prominent traits were, an intense attachment to her family, a fervent love for the land of her birth, and an earnest advocacy of the cause of Protestantism. The deceased lady was the daughter of the late Charles Lopdell, of Castle Lodge, County Galway, Ireland; her mother having been Anne Gregg, daughter of Richard Gregg, of Cappa House, County Clare, Ireland. Mrs. J. S. Ryan's life since coming to Toronto was quiet and uneventful as compared with her previous existence. Her grandmother, Barbara Fitzgerald, was a daughter of William Fitzgerald, of Ashgrove, County Clare, and sister of the Right Honourable James Fitzgerald, a man of distinguished ability, whose wife was created Baroness Fitzgerald and Vesey, and whose two sons were in succession the first and second Lords Fitzgerald and Vesey. The deceased lady never wearied of grave discourse of her loved dead. Those of whom she talked most frequently were her father, whose memory she idolized; of Mrs. Porter (recently deceased), of Killenagh Park, County Wexford, Ireland, and a sister of her late husband;

of her uncle, Robert Gregg, who held a government position in the Castle Dublin; of her first cousin, Charles Lopdell, late of the Bank of Ireland; and of one whom she revered and loved as a friend and uncle, the Right Reverend John Gregg, D.D., Lord Bishop of Cork, Cloyne and Ross. Of her first cousin, the late Archbishop of Armagh, Robert Samuel Gregg, she knew little or nothing, not having seen him since, as a young lad, his father had brought him to see her in one of her visits to the Old Land. Mrs. Ryan was a highly educated woman, her mental calibre being of very high order; she was indeed a veritable book of reference to her family. The deceased lady numbered many notable people among her immediate relations and family connections; and was, as is usual with the gentry of the little Mother Isles, proud of her race. It is interesting to note among her connections by marriage, the name of Brownlow North—the one-time society darling, later as a converted man, evolving into a most zealous Christian evangelist and writer of religious tracts. Brownlow North was married to a cousin of the deceased. This gentle lady's career has left no stain upon the Lopdell escutcheon of "Death before dishonour." The motto of her father's house was indeed and in truth her very own also. No finger could point at her as ever having been guilty of falsehood or dishonourable action. The members of the family in Canada who mourn her loss are Mrs. P. R. Shaver, Mrs. S. F. G. Jackson, Wm. Astle Ryan, James Beaumont Ryan and Mrs. Savigny, the two last named having resided with their mother.